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KANSAS CITY
SCRAP BOOK
NO.
RECITATION SERIES.

NO. 6.

MISCELLANEOUS COLLECTION OF PROSE AND POETRY
FOR RECITATION AND READING, DESIGNED FOR
SCHOOLS, HOME AND LITERARY CIRCLES,
AND ALL KINDS OF ENTERTAINMENTS.

BY

HENRY M. SOPER,

President of the Soper School of Oratory, Chicago.

CHICAGO
T. S. DENISON & COMPANY
PUBLISHERS

YTD 2020
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PREFACE.

The demand for No. 5 having been more than double that for any previous number in the same length of time, we feel doubly warranted in submitting to the approving public, No. 6.

Aside from the original articles and other selections, arranged especially for this number, we have inserted several pieces for which we have received repeated inquiries from various parts of the country. We will always cheerfully furnish any information in our power in reference to any selections not contained in this series.

Simultaneously with No. 6, we issue Volume Two of Elocutionary Readings, uniform with Volume One, comprising Nos. 4, 5, and 6 of Scrap-Book Recitations, for the library and use in schools.

H. M. SOPER.

CHICAGO, January, 1888.

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May 9 1888

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SCRAP-BOOK REGITATIONS.

PICKETT'S CHARGE AT GETTYSBURG.

BY A VETERAN.

[Chicago Ledger.]

Rolling up to the hillside,
Line upon line of gray—
Breaking upon its summit
In bloody, fiery spray—
Ah! 'twas the strife of giants,
That deadly, glorious fray.

Thousands charging together,
Clamor of shout and yell
Mingling with crash of musket,
Screech and burst of shell,
And thunder of guns, their story
To the listening nation tell.

We stood on the height above them,
And watched their grand array
Launched like a mighty bolt of war
Into the roaring fray—
Oh! heaven, what flag should crown those
heights
At the ending of the day!

They came like a human torrent,
In blood, and smoke, and fire;
We saw them mount through the cloudy
rifts,
Nearer and yet higher;

Then back o'er the torn and corse-strewn
ground
Sullenly retire,

Rent and blasted and broken,
Slaughter everywhere,
To tell what the brave and erring
Will do and dare;
While from the hill the grand Old Flag
Blew out in Freedom's air!

MODERN HIGH SCHOOL VALEDICTORY.

BOB BURDETTE.

To-day! We stand on the threshold! We stand there! Waiting! To be asked in. Life! Is a river! We meet it boldly. Hope, courage, and high purpose thrill our hearts! We cannot tear aside the veil that hides the future from our view. The future! Is behind us. The present, however, stays right by us! * * Before us lies the world. We accept it. *Grave* are the responsibilities of the trust. Long life will be the labor of reform. We have put our hands to the plow, and we will never look back until—we get to Canada. As the years roll on—which they will probably do—we will never forget our Alma Mater, but we will shake up things on the street ourselves, and if there is any re-hypothecating to be done, inquire within. *Hoc tempore*; the world is in bad form. Vice rules the world.

Bones vires take back seats in the convention. Lupus sits in the high places, and judges the people in the gates. Our rulers wallow in vice. The temples of commerce are as dens of thieves. Mistrust, guilt, and suspicion stalk through the land, nudus membra. All this has come to pass while we were at college. But we will reform all this sort of thing now. Not this week; for this week the gods look down from high Olympus to see the boat race. Next week the world holds its breath while our base ball match is played; and the week after that, the sun stands still upon Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon, while

we play the closing game of lawn tennis for the championship. But after that, we will mount our bicycles, and go forth conquering and to conquer. Life! Is an ocean! Let us, then, cleanse its Augean stables of this blighting leprosy, and beard this lion in the bud, and in the gathering gloom which marks the footprints of decay, throttle it in its cradle, ere yet its black wings shall strike its fangs deep into the soil of American freedom, and with a Judas kiss betray our fondest hopes and brightest dreams into the sand-swept waste of this sirocco—stricken maelstrom that yawns at our feet, waiting for some self-sacrificing Curlins to lay the axe at the foot of this deadly Upas tree that shadows all the land with the lurid light of its basilisk eye, which siren-like charms with its delusive song only to chill into pulseless stone with the Gorgon horror of its icy blast!"

DIPLOMAS!!!

APPEAL TO THE ROMANS.

EDWARD BULWER LYTTON.

Let the past perish, let darkness shroud it, let it sleep forever over the crumbling temples and desolate tombs of the forgotten sons, if it cannot afford us, from its degraded secrets, a guide for the present and the future.

It is nothing to know what we have been, unless it is with a desire of knowing what we ought to be. Our ancestors are mere dust and ashes save when they speak to our posterity; and then their voices resound not from the earth below, but the heaven above.

There is an eloquence in memory because it is the nurse of hope. There is a sanctity in the past, but only because of the chronicles it retains, chronicles of the progress of mankind, stepping-stones in civilization, in liberty, and in knowledge.

Our fathers forbid us to recede; they teach us what is our rightful heritage; they bid us reclaim, they bid us augment that heritage, preserve their virtue, and avoid their errors. These are the true uses of the past. Like some sacred edifice it is a tomb upon which to rear a temple.

Formerly to the emperor was confided vast authority; but by whom? By whom? I say, "By the Roman Senate." What was the Roman Senate? The representatives of the Roman people. All power was the gift of the people. What have you to give now? Who, what single person, what petty chief, asks you for the authority he assumes? His Senate is his sword; his charter of license is written not with ink, but with blood. The people! There is no people. Would to God we might disentomb the spirit of the past as easily as her records. I am an humble man; but I have this distinction; I have raised against myself many foes and scoffers for that which I have done for Rome. I am hated because I love my country; I am despised, because I would exalt her. I retaliate. I shall be avenged. Three traitors in your own palaces shall betray you—luxury, envy and dissension.

The jubilee approaches; and the eyes of all Christendom will be directed hither. Here, where from all quarters of the globe men come for peace, shall they find discord? Seeking absolution, shall they perceive but crime? In the center of God's dominion, shall they weep at your weakness? In the seat of the martyred saints, shall they shudder at your vices? In the fountain and source of Christ's love, shall they find all law unknown?

You were the glory and example of the world; will you be its by-word and its warning? Rise, oh Romans! while it is yet time. Pluck the scales from the hand of fraud; the sword from the hand of violence. Gain a victory greater than that of the Cæsars—a victory over yourselves. Let the pilgrims of the world behold the resurrection of Rome! Make one epoch of the jubilee of religion and the restoration of law. Lay the first fruits of your renovated liberties upon the altars of the church; and never since the world began shall men have made a more grateful offering to their God.

HE WOKE THE DEAD.

[As recited by Miss Mamie Howard, Public Reader, Chicago.]

Clem Berry, a negro who was formerly a stage runner in Virginia City, and who was famous for his loud voice, thus

spoke to a San Francisco Post reporter. "You see, sah, one fine moonlight Sunday ebenin' not long ago, I wuz a strollin' off out hyar dis away in de shruburbs of de town among de groves, I wur a—ockerpyin' my time wid listinin' to de songs ob de katydids and de tree frogs. Finally, gittin' a little tired, I sot down 'longside of fence to rest. De fust I knowed I drapped off asleep. I got to dreamin' that I wur up in Virginia City, a sendin' out de ole-time stages. In my sleep I got so yearnest 'bout de business dat I yelled out: 'All aboard hyar for Reno, Dutch Flat, Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' I waked up just as the last words wur out'n my mouf. De sound ob de yell wur still a-ringin' 'roun' up dar among dem bald peaks ob de Sierras, five miles away. In de echoes dat come rollin' back I could make out de words, 'Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento.' I could hardly believe it were me dat had hollered. It seemed like it were bigger nor my best yell. To make sure 'bout de matter, I put on all steam, braced boff hands against de top board ob de fence, frowed my head back onto my spine and poured fo'th: 'Oh, yes; all aboard hyar fur Reno, Dutch Flat, Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' Again my voice went a crackin' about up in de mountains. It just tumbled about dem peaks like a thunder-clap. I listen, and once more I hear de echo come back to de valley—'Grass Valley, Nevada City and Sacramento!' 'Well, sah, dat conwince me, an' I wur just kind o' ponderin' 'bout de fac' dat my voice wur as good as ever, when dar was an interruption. I seen sumfin' a comin.' As de fing comes on I heard a kind of rattlin' noise. I prick up my ears an' I listen. I bug out my eyes an' I look. I listen an I listen—an I look. Den I make it out. 'Fore de Lord dar wur a comin', right down to whar I stood, a skeleton wid a coffin under its arm, an' a tombstone on its shoulder. Den I see, comin' behin' dat one, two more wid dare coffins an' dare tombstones. Dey wus all a comin' right down from de graveyard. De cole chills runned up an' down my back—pledge you my word, sah, it is de fac'!—an my teef chattered as I looked at dem walken dead men. My knees dey shook so dat I had to hold on to de fence wid one han', an' to de branch ob a tree wid de odder, to keep from fallin' to de groun'.

"De tree skeletons dey come straight up to whar I stood. Den dey drapped dare coffins, chucked down dare tombstones on end, an' stood lookin' at me over de tops ob dem—all tree in a row. On de fust tombstone I seed de name of old Jedge Groggins, dat used to be at Dutch Flat, an' on de odder two de names ob Bill Simmons an' Jack Hawkins, dat used ter live up Grass Valley way.

"Well, sah, dey all stan' an' look at me 'bout a minute. I look on dem, an' as I look, dare come de sound of er woice from de wicinity of de skeleton what had on its tombstone de names of Jedge Groggins, dat woice it muttered holler like an' it said: 'Whar's de coach, Clem?' An den de two dey turn dare skulls dis away an' dat away, an' den look at me an' say, 'Whar's de coach?'

"'Fore de Lord! I just felt like I'd drap in my tracks! Just then sumpfin', I don't know what it wur—maybe ole times habit—put it inter my head, an' I said, quite brisk-like: 'Gemmen, go an' take another nip. De coach shan't go off wid out yer; so yer needn't come back till yer hear me holler again!'

"De skeletons all turn dare heads an' look at one anudder an' nod. Den dey all shoulder dare tombstones, take dare arms an' march back de way dey'd come.

"Now, sah, dem men all used ter be passidgers o'mine—yes, many an' many a time. Dare dey all lays.

"I s'pose dey's all a-layin' dare now awaitin' fur de coach—a waiting' to hear me holler. I haven't gibben de ole-time yell since dat night, an' I ain't gwinter. It wakes de dead, sah. It wakes de dead!"

ONE BACHELOR OF MANY.

[Harper's Magazine.]

There's one thing to the ladies I plainly wish to say :
I'm a man of no pretenses ; I'm fifty, if a day ;
I'm neither gay nor amiable, I'm fussy, and I'm plain ;
But girls, you needn't plot for me—all plotting is in vain.

**I never see the brightest eyes, and all their witchery
Is wasted ammunition, if its aim is hurting me ;**

I never see the reddest lips, I'm proof against all smiles;
I rather think I'm not the man for any woman's wiles.

I can sew on my buttons, my stockings I can mend,
And women's hands around my room are not what I intend ;
I want no knitted, netted things, no traveling bags, no wraps,
No slippers and no comforters, no painted plaques, no caps.

I buy the things that I require ; so, ladies, hear me say,
All such attentions spent on me are simply thrown away ;
So shake your curls and give your gifts, bewilder all you can,
But just remember, if you please, that I am not the man.

I've heard there's twenty-one old maids consider me their
" fate,"
And clever widows, five or six, that wish with me to mate ;
There's pretty school-girls who insist I " must have had some
loss,"
And say I'm " so romantic," when I'm only tired or cross.

But ladies, all attentions from this date I hope will cease ;
The only favor that I ask, is to be left in peace ;
For I consider one thing sure as anything can be—
I will not marry any girl, and none shall marry me.

That's just exactly what he said about a year ago,
Now, if you could but see his rooms, they are a perfect show
Of netted things, and knitted things, and painted plaques
and screens,
Of photographs of famous men, and beauty's living queens;
While on the hearthstone sits his wife—she's sweet and
good, I know.
And if you tell him of the words he said a year ago,
He answers you without a blush, " Oh, that's the usual way;
No one believes a single word old bachelors may say ;
When the right angel comes along, they marry any day."

SOJOURNERS.

[The story connected with the following touching lines, whose author is not known, adds new beauty to their tender pathos. A few weeks ago, at the age of

eighty-three, there died in Boston a Christian man, who for three years before his death had read the following verses to his aged wife every evening after family prayers before retiring. One of the wayfarers has reached home; the "tired feet" of the other are nearing the same blessed country.]—*Golden Rule*.

This way is long, my darling,
The road is rough and steep,
And fast across the evening sky
I see the shadows sweep.
But oh, my love, my darling,
No ill to us can come.
No terror turn us from the path,
For we are going home.

Your feet are tired, my darling—
So tired the tender feet !
But think, when we are there at last,
How sweet the rest ! How sweet !
For lo ! the lamps are lighted,
And yonder gleaming dome,
Before us shining like a star,
Shall guide our footsteps home.

We've lost the flowers we gathered
So early in the morn !
And on we go with empty hands,
And garments soiled and worn
But oh, the great All-Father
Will out to meet us come,
And fairer flowers and whiter robes
There wait for us at home.

Art cold, my love, and famished ?
Art faint and sore, athirst ?
Be patient yet a little while,
And joyous as at first !
For oh, the sun sets never
Within that land of bloom,
And thou shalt eat the bread of life,
And drink life's wine at home.

The wind blows cold, my darling,
Adown the mountain steep,

And thick across the evening sky
The darkling shadows creep !
But oh, my love, press onward,
Whatever trials come,
For in the way the Father set,
We two are going home.

A BRAVE BOY.

[Adapted and Recited by Charles R. Barrett, Public Reader, Chicago.]

"So this is our new cabin-boy;" was my inward exclamation, as I walked on deck and saw a dark-eyed, handsome youth, leaning against the railing and gazing with a sad, abstracted air into the foamy waves that were lustily dashing against the vessel. I had heard a good many remarks made about him by the crew, who did not like him because he seemed somewhat shy of them, and they were continually tormenting him with their rough jokes. He had refused to drink any intoxicating liquor since he came on board, and I was curious to know more about him.

My interest and sympathy were aroused, and I resolved to watch over and protect him as far as possible from the ungovernable temper of the captain, and the rough jokes of the sailors.

A few days afterward I was standing beside the captain, when suddenly rough shouts and laughter broke upon our ears; we went to the fore part of the deck, and found a group of sailors trying their utmost to persuade Allen to partake of their grog.

"Laugh on," I heard Allen's firm voice reply, "but I'll never taste a drop. You ought to be ashamed to drink it yourselves, much more to offer it to another."

A second shout of laughter greeted the reply, and one of the sailors, emboldened by the captain's presence, whom they all knew was a great drinker himself, approached the boy and said—

"Now, my boy, get ready to swallow this."

He was just going to pour the liquor down his throat, when, quick as a flash, Allen seized the bottle and flung it

far overboard. While the sailors were looking regretfully after the sinking bottle, Allen looked pale but composed at Captain Hardin, whose face was scarlet with suppressed rage. I trembled for the boy's fate. Suddenly Captain Hardin seized him, and cried out sternly:

"Hoist this fellow aloft in the main topsail. I'll teach him better than to waste my property."

Two sailors approached him to execute the order, but Allen quietly waved them back, and said in a low, respectful tone:

"I'll go myself, Captain, and I hope you will pardon me: I meant no offence." I saw his hand tremble a little as he took hold of the rigging. For one unused to the sea it was extremely dangerous to climb that height. For a moment he hesitated, as he seemed to measure the distance, but he quietly recovered himself, and proceeded slowly and carefully.

"Faster!" cried the captain, as he saw with what care he measured his steps, and faster Allen tried to go, but his foot slipped, and for a moment I stood horror-struck, gazing up at the dangling form suspended by the arms in mid-air. A coarse laugh from the captain, a jeer from the sailors, and Allen again caught hold of the rigging, and soon he was in the watch basket.

"Now, stay there, you young scamp, and get some of the spirit frozen out of you," muttered the captain, as he went down into the cabin. Knowing the captain's temper, I dared not interfere while he was in his present state of mind. By nightfall, however, I proceeded to the cabin, and found him seated before the table, with a half empty bottle of his favorite champagne before him. I knew he had been drinking freely, and therefore had little hope that Allen would be released; still I ventured to say:

"Pardon my intrusion, Captain Harden, but I'm afraid our cabin boy will be sick if he is compelled to stay up there much longer."

"Sick! bah, not a bit of it; he's got too much grit in him to yield to such nonsense; no person on board my ship ever gets sick; they know better than to play that game on me. But I'll go and see what he is doing, anyhow."

Upon reaching the deck, he shouted through his trumpet:
"Ho! my lad."

"Aye, aye, sir," was the faint but prompt response from above, as Allen's face appeared, looking with eager hope for his release.

"How do you like your new berth?" was the captain's mocking question.

"Better than grog or whiskey, sir," came the quick reply from Allen.

"If I allow you to descend, will you drink the contents of this glass?" and he held up, as he spoke, a sparkling glass of his favorite wine.

"I have forsworn all intoxicating drinks, sir, and I will not break my pledge, even at the risk of my life."

"There, that settles it," said the captain, turning to me; "he's got to stay up there to-night; he'll be toned down before morning."

By early dawn Captain Harden ordered him to be taken down, for to his call, "Ho, my lad!" there was no reply, and he began to feel alarmed. A glass of warm wine was standing ready for him beside the captain, who was sober now; and when he saw the limp form of Allen carried into his presence by two sailors his voice softened, as he said:

"Here, my lad, drink that and I will trouble you no more."

With a painful gesture, the boy waved him back, and in a feeble voice said:

"Captain Harden, will you allow me to tell you a little of my history?"

"Go on," said the captain, "but I do not think it will change my mind; you have to drink this just to show you how I bend stiff necks on board my ship."

"Captain Harden, two weeks before I came on this ship, I stood beside my mother's coffin. I heard the dull thud of falling earth as the sexton filled the grave which held the last remains of my darling mother. I saw the people leave the spot; I was alone, yes, alone, for she who loved and cared for me was gone. I knelt upon her grave and while the hot tears rolled down my cheeks, I vowed never to taste the liquor that had broken my mother's heart and ruined my father's life. Two days later I stretched my hand through the prison bars, behind which my father was confined. Do with me what you will, captain; let me freeze to death in the mainmast; throw me into the sea below, any-

thing, but do not, for my dead mother's sake, force me to drink that poison that has ruined my father, and killed my mother. Do not let it ruin a mother's only son."

He sank back exhausted, and burst into a fit of tears.

Captain Harden, with tears in his eyes, stepped forward, and laying his hand, which trembled a little, upon the boy's head, said to the crew who had collected around:

"For our mothers' sakes, let us respect Allen Bancroft's pledge, and never let me catch any of you ill treating him again."

He served on our vessel three years, and was a universal favorite. When he left, Captain Harden presented him with a handsome gold watch as a memento of his night in the mainmast.

DE MASSA OB DE SHEEPFOL'.

[The following is by Miss Sallie Pratt McClean, author of "Cape Cod Folks." Says an eminent critic: "Without regard to its dialect it is one of the most beautiful poems in the English language."]

De massa ob de sheepfol',
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Look out in de gloomerin' meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he called to de hirelin' shepa'd;
 "Is my sheep, is dey all come in?"

O den says de hirelin' shepa'd;
 "Dey's some, dey's black and thin,
 And some dey's po' ol' wedders—
 But de *res'* dey's all brung in;
 But de *res'* dey's all brung in."

Den de massa ob de sheepfol'
 Dat guard de sheepfol' bin,
 Goes down in de gloomerin meadows
 Whar de long night rain begin—
 So he let down de ba's ob de sheepfol'
 Callin' sof': "Come in! Come in!"
 Callin' sof': "Come in! Come in!"

Den up tro' de gloomerin' meadows,
Tro' de col' night rain an' win',
An' up tro' de gloomerin' rain-pat—
Whar de sleet fa' piercin' thin—
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in!
De po' los' sheep ob de sheepfol'
Dey all comes gadderin' in!

MACDONALD'S CHARGE AT WAGRAM

J. T. HEADLEY.

All the lion in Macdonald's nature was roused; he had fully resolved to execute the dread commission given him, or fall on the field. Still he towered unhurt amidst his falling guard, and, with his eye steadily on the enemy's center, moved sternly on.

At the close and fierce discharges of those cross-batteries on its mangled head, that column would sometimes stop and stagger back like a strong ship when smitten by a wave. The next moment the drums would beat their hurried charge; and the calm, steady voice of Macdonald ring back through his exhausted ranks, nerving them to the desperate valor that filled his own spirit. Never before was such a charge made; and it seemed at every moment that the torn and mangled mass must break and fly.

The Austrian cannon are gradually wheeled around till they stretch away in parallel lines, like two walls of fire, on each side of this band of heroes, and hurl an incessant tempest of lead against their bosoms. But the stern warriors close in and fill up the frightful gaps made at every discharge, and still press forward.

Macdonald has communicated his own settled purpose to his devoted followers to conquer or die. There is no excitement, no enthusiasm such as Murat was wont to infuse into his men, when pouring on the foe his terrible cavalry; no cries of "Vive l'Empereur" are heard along the lines; but in their place is an unutterable resolution that nothing but annihilation can shake. The eyes of the army and of

the world are on them; and they carry Napoleon's fate as they go.

Human strength has its limits; and human effort the spot where it ceases forever. No living man could have carried that column to where it stands but the iron-hearted leader at its head. But now he halts and casts his eye over his little surviving band that stands all alone in the midst of the enemy. He looks back on his path; and as far as the eye can reach he sees the course of his heroes by the black swath of dead men that stretches like a huge serpent over the plain.

Out of sixteen thousand men with which he started, but fifteen hundred are left beside him. Ten out of every eleven have fallen; and here at length the tired hero pauses for a moment and surveys with a stern and anxious eye his few remaining followers. The heart of Napoleon stops beating at the sight; and well it may, for his throne is where Macdonald stands. He bears the empire on his brave heart; he is the empire. Shall he turn at last and retreat? The fate of nations wavers to and fro, for, like a speck in the distance, while Macdonald pauses, the cannon are piling the dead in heaps around him. "Will he turn and fly?" is the secret and agonizing question Napoleon puts to himself. No! he is worthy of the mighty trust committed to him. The empire stands or falls with him, but shall stand while he stands.

Looking away to where his emperor sits, he sees the dark masses of the "Old Guard" in motion, and the shining helmets of the brave cuirassiers sweeping to his relief. "Forward!" breaks from the iron lips.

The roll of drums and the pealing of trumpets answer the volley which smites that exhausted column; and the next moment it is seen piercing the Austrian center. The day is won—the empire saved.

ONLY A BEGGAR BOY.

HATTIE TOWN VOLK.

[Written expressly for this book.]

Life and death meet
On the threshold, and greet

Each other as they pass;
They pass with a groan, a cry and a moan,
And a little one is left to battle alone,
But 'tis only a beggar boy,
That's all.

'Twere better he had died
And were lying by the side
Of his mother,
Than on the world to be cast,
To be tossed in the whirl of adversity's cold,
cruel blast,
For he's only a beggar boy—
That's all.

A happy Christmas scene within, with light and warmth and
glee,
Without—the storm king reigns supreme in wildest revelry.
Within—bright faces gathered around Kriss Kringle's tree.
Without—a little face, peering in, trying in vain to see,
For the scalding tears have blinded his eyes,
And his aching heart is bursting with sighs,
For he's only a beggar boy—
That's all.

Drive him away from the window;
How rude to be looking in so !
To frighten the children with his eyes so wild,
And his pinched white face—a forlorn looking child,
Raise up the sash and drive him away,
'Don't ask him in children, he cannot stay,
For he's only a beggar boy—
That's all.

'Tis only a beggar boy run over on the street,
Trodden under foot by the many hurrying feet;
Run over by the horses, dashing along
Down the crowded street; thro' the moving throng.
But it's only a beggar boy—
That's all.

“Don't stop, I tell you, driver, 'tis no use at all,
'Tis only a beggar boy; we did not see him fall.

No sorrow, sin or suffering there; forever shall he be blest;
E'en tho' he be only a beggar boy,
That's all.

Open wide the shining portals, the pearly gates ajar,
The little wanderer's coming, is coming from afar.
Swell out the glorious anthem, the sweet celestial song,
Bear him to the arms of Jesus, 'midst the great white
 throng,
E'en tho' he be—only a beggar boy,
 That's all.

CHINESE LILIES.

MYRA E. POLLARD.

[Written expressly for this book.]

You've seen the snowy lilies—
Sweet as the spheres that shine
When the even calm and still is
Down from the heights divine.
And proving to that name their worth—
"Stars on the firmament of earth."

But have you heard the story,
Tender and rare and quaint,
That crowns them with mystic glory
Like the halo o'er a saint?
A tale the old men love to tell
When the winds of winter sweep and swell.

Long years ago, in China,
'Tis said there lived a lord,
Illustrious and benign a
Great nobleman adored,
Who, dying, left two wives most fair,
And of each wife a son and heir.

Now with the first wife rested
Pre-eminence in worth,

And her son was invested
With precedence by birth—
So all the rich and fertile lands
She seized for him with ruthless hands.

And to the younger brother
Was left but sterile ground,
And on his fields no other
Harvest than stones was found;
Till, fearing famine, death and shame,
Sad and despairing he became.

Then God took pity on him,
And one still night sent down
Angels to wait upon him
In glittering robe and crown.
And all his rocky grounds and bare
They sowed with lilies everywhere.

And when he woke next morning,
Lo! Myriad blossoms white,
His barren fields adorning
With petals soft and bright.
And many came to gaze and cry,
And many came to praise and buy.

And, so, runs on the story,
Blessed with these blossoms fair,
He woke to sudden glory—
To wealth and honor fair—
And far surpassed in fame and might,
His envious brother's fortunes slight.

And since the lilies ever,
When once blown, pass away,
And bloom thereafter never,
Each year, the old men say,
The angels blest, in tender rue,
Come down and plant the flowers anew.

Is there a field so barren,
A life so hard and chill,
That God may not plant therein
Some reed or vinelet still?
Nay, 'twixt the stones where nought else grow
He'll make celestial lilies blow.

The waste men left for ours,
Scorning its sterile gloom—
Sown with immortal flowers—
Shall burst in beauteous bloom.
And into softer hues expand
Than any tilled by human hand.

But since our best emotions
So quickly fade away,
Nor any pure devotions
Imperishable stay,
May the good angels oft come then
And plant the flowers o'er again.

May they o'erhover brightly
These sterile fields of hearts,
And strew and cover lightly
The rough and barren parts.
Till all the stony rocks and dells
Shall break in trembling lily bells.

THE FLOOD OF YEARS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A mighty hand from an exhaustless urn
Pours forth the never-ending Flood of Years
Among the nations. How the rushing waves
Bear all before them! On their foremost edge,
And there alone, is Life; the Present there
Tosses and foams, and fills the air with roar
Of mingled noises. There are they who toil,
And they who strive, and they who feast, and they

Who hurry to and fro. The sturdy hind—
Woodman and delver with the spade—are there,
And busy artisan beside his bench,
And pallid student with his written roll.
A moment on the mounting billow seen—
The flood sweeps over them, and they are gone.
There groups of revelers, whose brows are twined
With roses, ride the topmost swell awhile,
And as they raise their flowing cups to touch
The clinking brim to brim, are whirled beneath
The waves, and disappear. I hear the jar
Of beaten drums, and thunder that breaks forth
From cannon, where the advancing billow sends
Up to the sight long files of armed men,
That hurry to the charge through flame and smoke
The torrent bears them under, whelmed and hid,
Slayer and slain, in heaps of bloody foam.
Down go the steed and rider ; the plumed chief
Sinks with his followers ; the head that wears
The imperial diadem goes down beside
The felon's with cropped ear and branded cheek.
A funeral train the torrent sweeps away,
Bearers and bier and mourners. By the bed
Of one who dies men gather sorrowing,
And women weep aloud ; the floods roll on ;
The wail is stifled, and the sobbing group
Borne under. Hark to that shrill, sudden shout—
The cry of an applauding multitude
Swayed by some loud-tongued orator who wields
The living mass as if he were its soul !
The waters choke the shout, and all is still.
Lo, next, a kneeling crowd, and one who spreads
The hands in prayer ! the engulfing wave o'ertakes
And swallows them and him. A sculptor wields
The chisel, and the stricken marble grows
To beauty ; at his easel, eager-eyed,
A painter stands, and sunshine at his touch
Gathers upon the canvas, and life glows ;
A poet as he paces to and fro,
Murmurs his sounding lines. Awhile they ride
The advancing billow, till its tossing crest

Strikes them and flings them under, while their tasks
Are yet unfinished. See a mother smile
On her young babe that smiles to her again—
The torrent wrests it from her arms ; she shrieks,
And weeps, and midst her tears is carried down.
A beam like that of moonlight turns the spray
To glistening pearls ; two lovers, hand in hand,
Rise on the billowy swell and fondly look
Into each other's eyes. The rushing flood
Flings them apart ; the youth goes down ; the maid
With hands outstretched in vain, and streaming eyes,
Waits for the next high wave to follow him.
An aged man succeeds ; his bending form
Sinks slowly ; mingling with the sullen stream
Gleam the white locks, and then are seen no more.

Lo, wider grows the stream ; a sea-like flood
Saps earth's walled cities ; massive palaces
Crumble before it ; fortresses and towers
Dissolve in the swift waters ; populous realms
Swept by the torrent, see their ancient tribes
Engulfed and lost, their very languages
Stifled, and never to be uttered more.

I pause and turn my eyes, and, looking back,
Where that tumultuous flood has passed, I see
The silent Ocean of the Past, a waste
Of waters weltering over graves, its shores
Strewn with the wreck of fleets, where mast and hull
Drop away piecemeal ; battlemented walls
Frown idly, green with moss, and temples stand
Unroofed, forsaken by the worshippers.
There lie memorial stones, whence time has gnawed
The graven legends, thrones of kings o'erturned,
The broken altars of forgotten Gods,
Foundations of old cities and long streets
Where never fall of human foot is heard
Upon the desolate pavement. I behold
Dim glimmerings of lost jewels far within
The sleeping waters, diamond, sardonyx,
Ruby and topaz, pearl and chrysolite,

Once glittering at the banquets on fair brows
 That long ago were dust ; and all around,
 Strewn on the waters of that silent sea,
 Are withering bridal wreaths, and glossy locks
 Shorn from fair brows by loving hands, and scrolls
 O'erwritten—haply with fond words of love
 And vows of friendship—and fair pages flung
 Fresh from the printer's engine. There they lie
 A moment, and then sink away from sight.
 I look, and the quick tears are in my eyes,
 For I behold, in every one of these,
 A blighted hope, a separate history
 Of human sorrow, telling of dear ties
 Suddenly broken, dreams of happiness
 Dissolved in air, and happy days, too brief,
 That sorrowfully ended ; and I think
 How painfully the poor heart must have beat
 In bosoms without number, as the blow
 Was struck that slew their hope, or broke their peace

Sadly I turn, and look before, where yet
 The flood must pass, and I behold a mist
 Where swarm dissolving forms, the brood of Hope,
 Divinely fair, that rest on banks of flowers,
 Or wander among rainbows, fading soon
 And reappearing, haply giving place
 To shapes of grisly aspect, such as Fear
 Molds from the idle air ; where serpents lift
 The head to strike, and skeletons stretch forth
 The bony arm in menace. Further on
 A belt of darkness seems to bar the way,
 Long, low, and distant, where the life that Is
 Touches the Life to Come. The Flood of Years
 Rolls toward it, near and nearer. It must pass
 That dismal barrier. What is there beyond ?
 Hear what the wise and good have said.

Beyond

That belt of darkness still the years roll on
 More gently, but with no less mighty sweep.
 They gather up again and softly bear
All the sweet lives that late were overwhelmed

And lost to sight—all that in them was good,
 Noble and truly great, and worthy of love—
 The lives of infants and ingenuous youths,
 Sages and saintly women who have made
 Their households happy—all are raised and borne
 By that great current in its onward sweep,
 Wandering and rippling with caressing waves
 Around green islands, fragrant with the breath
 Of flowers that never wither. So they pass,
 From stage to stage, along the shining course
 Of that fair river broadening like a sea.
 As its smooth eddies curl along their way,
 They bring old friends together ; hands are clasped
 In joy unspeakable ; the mother's arms
 Again are folded round the child she loved
 And lost. Old sorrows are forgotten now,
 Or but remembered to make sweet the hour
 That overpays them ; wounded hearts that bled
 Or broke, are healed forever. In the room
 Of this grief-shadowed Present there shall be
 A Present in whose reign no grief shall gnaw
 The heart, and never shall a tender tie
 Be broken—in whose reign the eternal change
 That waits on growth and action shall proceed
 With everlasting Concord, hand in hand.

A THEOSOPHIC MARRIAGE.

[By Henry J. W. Dam, in *Century*.]

She was a theosophic miss
 Who sighed for sweet Nirvana ;
 She talked of esoteric this
 And that, in mystic manner.
 She wore a wide and psychic smile,
 Used diction transcendental.
 Two suitors her besieged meanwhile—
 Both softly sentimental.

The one, he was a drummer bland,
 Who wore a lofty collar ;

He knew not things were hollow, and
 He chased the nimble dollar.
 The other was a soulful youth,
 Who talked of things symbolic;
 Enamored quite of inner truth—
 And predisposed to colic.

The one, he talked of common love,
 In tones that made her shudder;
 The other soared with her above
 To misty realms of Buddha.
 She sent the first upon his way
 With snub unmitigated—
 Upon the other smiled, and they
 By Hymen were translated.

FOUR YEARS LATER.

Within a lofty Harlem flat
 She found her sweet Nirvana;
 She does not think of this and that,
 As marshy zephyrs fan her;
 She dreamily wipes Buddha's nose
 And spanketh Zoroaster,
 And mends their transcendental clothes,
 Torn by occult disaster.

Her adept husband still can solve
 The mysteries eternal,
 But for some reason can't evolve
 A salary diurnal.
 He still floats on to cycles new,
 But fills his astral body
 With—not the Cheelah's milky brew—
 But Jersey apple toddy.

She eloquently mourns her life
 And objurgates her Latin,
 To daily see the drummer's wife
 Drive by her, clad in satin.

She has been heard, in fact, to say,
When somewhat discontented ;
" Though 'osophies' hold social sway,
Though 'ologies' enjoy their day,
I think, in love, the good old way
By far the best invented."

BILL NYE'S HIRED GIRL.

BILL NYE.

Bill Nye has had an attack of the servant girl, and emits this sorrowing screed:

PERSONAL—WILL THE YOUNG WOMAN WHO EDITED the gravy department and corrected proof at our pie foundry for two days and then jumped the game on the evening that we were to have our clergyman to dine with us, please come back or write to 22 Park Row, saying where she left the crackers and cheese ?

Come back Wilhelmina, and be our little sunbeam once more. Come back and cluster around our hearthstone at so much per cluster.

If you think best, we will quit having company at the house, especially people who do not belong to your set.

We will also strive, oh so hard, to make it pleasanter for you in every way. If we had known four or five years ago that children were offensive to you it would have been different. But it is too late now. All we can do now is to shut them up in a barn and feed them through a knot-hole. If they shriek loud enough to give pain to your throbbing brow, let no one know, and we will overcome any false sentiment we may feel toward them, and send them to the Tombs.

Since you went away we can see how wicked and selfish we were, and how little we considered your comfort. We miss your glad smile, also your Tennessee marble cake and your slat pie. We have learned a valuable lesson since you went away, and it is that the blame should not have rested on one alone. It should have been divided equally, leaving me to bear half of it and my wife the other half. Where we erred was in dividing up the blame on the basis of tenderloin steak or peach cobbler, compelling you to bear half of

it yourself. That will not work, Wilhelmina. Blame and preserves do not divide up on the same basis. We are now in favor of what may be called a sliding scale. We think you will like this better.

We also made a grave mistake in the matter of nights out. While young, I formed the wicked and pernicious habit of having nights out myself. I panted for the night air, and would go a long distance and stay out a long time to get enough of it for a mess and then bring it home in a paper bag, but I can see now that it is time for me to remain indoors and give young people like yourself a chance, Wilhelmina.

So if I can do anything evenings while you are out that will assist you, such as stoning raisins or neighboring windows, command me. I am no cook, of course, but I can peel apples, or grind coffee, or hold your head for you when you need sympathy. I could also soon learn to do the plain cooking, I think, and friends who come to see us after this have agreed to bring their dinners.

There is no reason why harmony should not be restored among us, and the old sunlight come back to our roof tree.

Another thing I wish to write before I close this humiliating personal. I wish to take back my harsh and bitter words about your singing. I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but I was mad when I said it, and I wronged you. I was maddened by hunger and you told me that mush and milk was the proper thing for a brain worker, and you refused to give me any dope on my dumpling. Goaded to madness by this I said that you sang like a shingle mill, but it was not my better, higher nature that spoke. It was my grosser and more gastric nature that asserted itself, and I now desire to take it back. You do not sing like a shingle mill; at least so much as to mislead a practiced ear.

Your voice has more volume, and when your upper register is closed is mellower than any shingle mill I ever heard.

Come back, Wilhelmina. We need you every hour.

After you went away we tried to set the bread as we had seen you do it, but it was not a success. The next day it came off the nest with a litter of small, sallow rolls which would easily resist the action of acids.

If you cannot come back, will you please write and tell

me how you are getting along and how you contrive to insert air holes into home made bread?

HUMAN LITTLENESS.

W. H. DE SHON.

Unless coupled with greatness, individual littleness seldom becomes notorious. If Hamlet had never uttered his sublime words, if Macbeth and Brutus had never murdered, if Lear had never cursed or Portia pleaded, if Shylock had never hated or Jessica loved, the world perchance would never have heard of Will Shakespeare, the poacher and gallant. Why should we remember that on a wild, stormy night, at such a place, at such a time, intemperance added another victim to the thousands that had already perished unnoticed on its altars, if the weird voice of a mystic raven did not unite with that of every tinkling, chiming, clanging, tolling bell to proclaim the genius and keep green the memory of Edgar Allan Poe?

There is an opinion quite prevalent, that littleness must necessarily be mean, degrading and weak, hampering greatness as a non-combatant, rather than attacking it as an active enemy. This is a fallacy. Greatness is the child of inspiration. Without this divine power it becomes error; and error, in any form, is littleness. Uninspired greatness, therefore, is superior littleness—the worst enemy of humanity. It has two forms. The destiny of either is eternal death. In one, however, wrong may appear as a reformer; in the other it is always a destroyer.

The littleness of Napoleon is an example of the former. His genius embodied the three essential characteristics of a great general; forethought, abstraction, will. He talked of victory before a sword had been drawn or a shot fired, and complimented the bravery of those whose ears would never hear, or voices swell the song of triumph. Undisturbed by the roar of cannon, the shouts of contending hosts, or cries of the wounded and dying, he executed, in its minutest details, the great plan of the battle with that calm confidence of success no momentary defeat could shake, no petty reverse destroy.

Underneath and permeating all was the stern will that brooked no opposition, that shrank from no sacrifice, that knew no defeat. There are subterranean streams which roll their hidden waters through slowly wasting channels for many patient centuries. We look at the smiling hills above them and say, They are everlasting. But in the far off future every cascade will shimmer in the disfigured face of an undetermined mountain; while its falling silver murmurs the triumph song. So beneath its calm exterior flowed the current of his will, biding patiently the time when it should burst its barriers to sweep away the thrones of kings and bear on its restless tide the wreck of empires.

Ambition was the all absorbing littleness of Napoleon. Not the hackneyed word of many meanings, under which the nineteenth century has classed two-thirds of the human passions, but that ambition whose subtle purity Shakespeare defines, whose superior littleness Milton has demonized. Its flame kindled at the storming of the barricades in '89, burned with its glory at Austerlitz, paled at burning Moscow, flickered at Waterloo, and went out in the tempest at St. Helena.

It had its mission. Forms, dogmas, bigotries and exploded theories clogged the wheels of civilization. Conservatism was powerless. Europe clamored for a reform. A fanatic appears. The sobs of a discarded wife, the death cry of a poor German bookseller, the wail of nations over their dead heroes, hymn his march to empire. Armies slept unsentined. Thrones tottered; Europe trembled; the world wondered. Then came Waterloo; civilization resumed its joyful march; and the superior littleness of Napoleon had accomplished its mission.

THE HOME CONCERT.

[Mary D. Brine, in Harper's Magazine.]

Well, Tom, my boy, I must say good-bye,
I've had a wonderful visit here;
Enjoyed it, too, as well as I could
Away from all that my heart holds dear.

Maybe I've been a trifle rough—
A little awkward, your wife would say—
And very likely I've missed the hint
Of your city polish, day by day.

But somehow, Tom, though the same old roof
Sheltered us both when we were boys,
And the same dear mother-love watched us both,
Sharing our childish griefs and joys,
Yet you are almost a stranger now;
Your ways and mine are as far apart
As though we never had thrown an arm
About each other with loving heart.

Your city home is a palace, Tom;
Your wife and children are fair to see;
You couldn't breathe in the little cot,
The little home that belongs to *me*.
And I am lost in your grand large house,
And dazed with the wealth on every side,
And I hardly know my brother, Tom,
In the midst of so much stately pride.

Yes, the concert was grand last night,
The singing splendid; but, do you know,
My heart kept longing the evening through,
For another concert, so sweet and low
That maybe it wouldn't please the ear
Of one so cultured and grand as you;
But to its music—laugh if you will—
My heart and thoughts must ever be true.

I shut my eyes in the hall last night
(For the clash of the music wearied me)
And close to my heart this vision came—
The same sweet picture I always see;
In the vine-clad porch of a cottage home,
Half in shadow and half in sun,
A mother chanting her lullaby,
Rocking to rest her little one.

And soft and sweet as the music fell
From the mother's lips I heard the coo
Of my baby girl, as with drowsy tongue
She echoed the song with "Goo-a-goo."
Together they sang, the mother and babe,
My wife and child, by the cottage door.
Ah! *that* is the concert, brother Tom,
My ears are aching to hear once more.

So now, good-bye. And I wish you well,
And many a year of wealth and gain,
You were born to be rich and gay;
I am content to be poor and plain.
And I go back to my country home
With a love that absence has strengthened, too—
Back to the concert all my own—
Mother's singing, and baby's coo.

NORINE.

[As recited by Mrs. Elizabeth Colby.]

"What shall I wear to the ball, Ma Belle?
What shall I wear to the ball?
Make me fairer than tongue can tell—
Make me the fairest of all."

"Fair! You are always fair, Norine,
Ever and always fair—
Born to be star of the night and queen,
Whatever you choose to wear."

"But I must be fairer than ever, Ma Belle,
Fairer than ever before,
That *he* may approve with eyes of love,
And worship forevermore."

"He! It has ever been *they*, Norine.
What! You who tread on hearts,
And laugh at their pain and call love vain;
You caught at last, by its arts?"

"Hush ! hush ! I have found my king, Ma Belle,
 I am reading the story old;
 O, make me so fair that his lips must swear
 The love that his eyes have told."

Down to the carriage swept Norine ;
 Away she rode to the ball.
 Of all the maidens the stars had seen,
 She was the fairest of all.

* * * * *

"What ! home from the ball so soon, Norine,
 And pale as the robe you wear !
 And how could the revelers spare their queen ?
 And say, " Did he think you fair ?"

"Hush ! hush ! he was there with his bride, Ma Belle,
 He was there with his bride, at the ball ;
 We met in the crowd, and he smiled and bowed,
 And I stole away from them all."

"Ah! God is great, and he reigns, Norine,
 Aye, bury your face and weep.
 We reap as we sow—it is just, you know,
 Go now to your troubled sleep."

PARSON KELLY.

MARION DOUGLAS.

Old Parson Kelly's fair young wife, Irene,
 Died when but three months wed,
 And no new love has ever come between
 His true heart and the dead.
 Though now for sixty years the grass has grown
 Upon her grave, and on its simple stone
 The moss
 And yellow lichens creep her name across.

Outside the door, in the warm summer air,
The old man sits for hours,
The idle wind that stirs his silver hair,
Is sweet with June's first flowers;
But dull his mind, and clouded with the haze
Of life's last weary, gray November days;
And dim
The past and present look alike to him.

The sunny scene around, confused and blurred,
The twitter of the birds,
Blend in his mind with voices long since heard—
Glad childhood's careless words,
Old hymns and Scripture texts; while indistinct
Yet strong, one thought with all fair things is linked—
The bride
Of his lost youth is ever by his side.

By its sweet weight of snowy blossoms bowed,
The rose-tree branch hangs low,
And in the sunshine, like a fleecy cloud,
Sways slowly to and fro.
"Oh, is it you?" the old man asks, "Irene!"
And smiles and fancies that her face he's seen
Beneath
The opening roses of a bridal wreath!

Down from the gambrel roof a white dove flits,
The sunshine on its wings,
And lighting close to where the dreamer sits,
A vision with it brings—
A golden gleam from some long vanished day.
"Dear love," he calls; then, "Why will you not stay?"
He sighs.
For at his voice, the bird looks up and flies.

Oh, constant heart! whose failing thoughts cling fast
To one long laid in dust,
Still seeing, turned to thine, as in the past,
Her look of perfect trust;

Her soft voice hearing in the south wind's breath,
Dream on! Love pure as thine shall outlive death,
And when
The gates unfold, her eyes meet thine again !

APPEAL TO IRELAND.

THOS. F. MEAGHER.

A right noble philosophy has taught us that God has divided the world into those beautiful systems called nations; each of which, fulfilling its separate mission, becomes an essential benefit to the rest.

To this Divine arrangement will you alone refuse to conform? Other nations with abilities far less eminent than those which you possess, having greater difficulties to encounter, have obeyed with heroism the commandment from which you have swerved. *Shame upon you, Ireland!* Norway, with her scanty population, scarce a million strong, has kept her flag upon the Categat—has reared a race of gallant sailors to guard her frozen soil. Year after year has nursed upon that soil a harvest to which the Swede can lay no claim.

Switzerland—without a colony—without a gun upon the seas—without a helping hand from any court in Europe, has held for centuries her footing on the Alps.

Greece—whom Goth nor Turk nor time hath spared—has flung the Crescent from the Acropolis—has crowned a king in Athens whom she calls her own.

Holland, with the ocean as her foe,—from swamp in which you would have sunk your graves, has bid the palace and the warehouse, costlier than the palace, rear their ponderous shapes above the waves that battle at their base, has outstripped the merchant of the Rialto, has threatened England in the Thames, has swept the channel with her broom; and although, for a day, she reeled before the bayonets of Dumouriez, she sprang to her feet again, and with the cry of "Up with the house of Orange!" struck the tri-color from the dykes!

And you—you who are eight millions strong—you who

have no threatening sea to stem, no avalanche to dread—you who say that you can shield along your coast a thousand sail and be the prince of a mighty commerce—you will mortgage the last acre of your estate—you will be beggared by the million—you will perish by the thousand—and the finest island which the sun looks down upon, amid the jeers and hootings of the world, will blacken into a plague spot, a wilderness, a sepulcher! *God of heaven!* Shall such things come to pass? What say you, yeomen of the North? Has the red hand withered? Shall the question be always asked,—“Has the time come?” And shall no heroic voice reply, “It has?”

Swear it, that the time has come! Swear it that the rule of England is unjust! Swear it, that the flag which floats next summer from the battlements of Derry shall bear the inscription of Dungannon! Swear it, that you will have another anniversary to celebrate—that another obelisk shall cast its shadow on the Boyne—that hereafter your children descending to that river, may say: “This is to the memory of our fathers; they were proud of the victory which their grandsires won upon these banks, but they yearned to achieve a victory of their own. Their grandsires fought and conquered for a king—our fathers fought and conquered for a nation.”

THE VICTOR OF MARENGO.

Napoleon was sitting in his tent; before him lay a map of Italy. He took four pins and stuck them up; measured, moved the pins, and measured again. “Now,” said he, “that is right; I will capture him there!” “Who, sir?” said an officer. “Milas, the old fox of Austria. He will retire from Genoa, pass Turin, and fall back on Alexandria. I shall cross the Po, meet him on the plains of Laconia, and conquer him there,” and the finger of the child of destiny pointed to Marengo.

Two months later the memorable campaign of 1800 began. The 20th of May saw Napoleon on the heights of St. Bernard. The 22d, Larmes, with the army of Genoa, **held Padua**. So far, all had been well with Napoleon. He

had compelled the Austrians to take the position he desired; reduced the army from one hundred and twenty thousand to forty thousand men; dispatched Murat to the right, and June 14 moved forward to consummate his masterly plan.

But God threatened to overthrow his scheme! A little rain had fallen in the Alps, and the Po could not be crossed in time. The battle was begun. Milas, pushed to the wall, resolved to cut his way out; and Napoleon reached the field to see Larmes beaten—Champeaux dead—Desaix still charging old Milas, with his Austrian phalanx at Marengo, till the consular guard gave way, and the well-planned victory was a terrible defeat. Just as the day was lost, Desaix, the boy General, sweeping across the field at the head of his cavalry, halted on the eminence where stood Napoleon. There was in the corps a drummer-boy, a gamin whom Desaix had picked up in the streets of Paris. He had followed the victorious eagle of France in the campaigns of Egypt and Germany. As the columns halted, Napoleon shouted to him: "Beat a retreat!" The boy did not stir. "Gamin, beat a retreat!" The boy stopped, grasped his drum-sticks, and said: "Sir, I do not know how to beat a retreat; Desaix never taught me that; but I can beat a charge,—Oh! I can beat a charge that will make the dead fall into line. I beat that charge at the Pyramid; I beat that charge at Mount Tabor; I beat it again at the bridge of Lodi. May I beat it here?" Napoleon turned to Desaix, and said: "We are beaten; what shall we do?" "Do? Beat them! It is only three o'clock, and there is time enough to win a victory yet. Up! the charge! beat the old charge of Mount Tabor and Lodi!" A moment later the corps, following the sword-gleam of Desaix, and keeping step with the furious roll of the gamin's drum, swept down on the host of Austrians. They drove the first line back on the second—both on the third, and there they died. Desaix fell at the first volley, but the line never faltered, and as the smoke cleared away the gamin was seen at the front of his line marching right on, and still beating the furious charge. Over the dead and wounded, over breastworks and fallen foe, over cannon belching forth their fire of death, he led the way to victory, and the fifteen days in Italy were ended. To-day men

point to Marengo in wonder. They admire the power and foresight that so skillfully handled the battle, but they forget that a General only thirty years of age made a victory of a defeat. They forget that a gamin of Paris put to shame "the child of destiny."

COUNTING EGGS.

[Texas Siftings.]

Old Moses who sells eggs and chickens on the streets of Austin for a living, is as honest an old negro as ever lived; but he has got the habit of chatting familiarly with his customers, hence he frequently makes mistakes in counting out the eggs they buy. He carries his wares around in a small cart drawn by a diminutive donkey. He stopped in front of the residence of Mrs. Samuel Burton. The old lady herself came out to the gate to make the purchases.

"Have you got any eggs this morning, Uncle Moses?" she asked.

"Yes, indeed I has. Jess got in ten dozen from de kentry."

"Are they fresh?"

"Fresh? yas, indeed! I guantees 'em, an'—an'—de hen guantees 'em."

"I'll take nine dozen. You can just count them into this basket."

"All right, mum;" he counts, "One, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight, nine, ten. You can rely on dem bein' fresh. How's your son comin' on de school? He must be mos' grown."

"Yes, Uncle Moses; he is a clerk in a bank in Galveston."

"Why, how ole am de boy?"

"He is eighteen."

"You don't tole me so! Eighteen, and getting a salary already. Eighteen (counting), nineteen, twenty, twenty-one, twenty-two, twenty-three, twenty-foah, twenty-five. And how's your gal comin' on? She was most grewed up de last time I seed her."

"She is married and living in Dallas."

"Wall, I declar', how time scoots away! And you say she has childruns? Why, how ole am de gal? She must be jest about"—

"Thirty-three."

"Am dat so?" (counting) "fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six, fifty-seven, fifty-eight, fifty-nine, forty, forty-one, forty-two, forty-free. Hit am singular dat you has sich ole childruns. You don't look more den forty years old yerseff."

"Nonsense, old man; I see you want to flatter me. When a person gets to be fifty-three years old"—

"Fifty-free! I jess dun gwinter bleeve hit; fifty-free, fifty-foah, fifty-five, fifty-six—I want you to pay 'tenshun when I count de eggs, so dar'll be no mistake—fifty-nine, sixty, sixty-one, sixty-two, sixty-free, sixty-foah. Whew! Dis am a warm day. Dis am de time ob year when I feels I'se gettin' ole myself, I aint long fur dis world. You comes from an ole family. When your fadder died he was sebenty years ole."

"Seventy-two."

"Dat's old, suah. Sebenty-two, sebenty-free, sebenty-foah, sebenty-five, sebenty-six, sebenty-seben, sebenty-eight, sebenty-nine. And your mudder? She was one ob de noblest lookin' ladies I ebber see. You remind me ob her so much! She libed to mos' a hundred. I bleeves she was done past a centurion when she died."

"No, Uncle Moses, she was only ninety-six when she died."

"Den she wan't no chicken when she died, I know dat. Ninety-six, ninety-seben, ninety-eight, ninety-nine, one hundred, one, two, free, foah, five, six, seben, eight—dar one hundred and eight nice fresh eggs—jess nine dozen, and here am one moah egg in case I have discounted myself."

Old Mose went on his way rejoicing. A few days afterward Mrs. Barton said to her husband:

"I am afraid we will have to discharge Matilda. I am satisfied that she steals the milk and eggs. I am positive about the eggs, for I bought them day before yesterday, and now about half of them are gone. I stood right there, and heard Moses count them myself, and there were nine dozen."

MUSIC IN CAMP.

JOHN R. THOMPSON.

Two armies covered hill and plain,
Where Rappahannock's waters
Ran deeply crimsoned with the stain
Of battles' recent slaughters.

The summer clouds lay pitched like tents
In meads of heavenly azure ;
And each dread gun of the elements
Slept in its high embrasure.

The breeze so softly blew, it made
No forest leaf to quiver,
And the smoke of the random cannonade
Rolled slowly from the river.

And now where circling hills looked down
With cannon grimly planted,
O'er listless camp and silent town
The golden sunset slanted.

When on the fervid air there came
A strain, now rich, now tender,
The music seemed itself aflame
With day's departing splendor.

A Federal band, which eve and morn
Played measures brave and nimble,
Had just struck up with flute and horn
And lively clash of cymbal.

Down flocked the soldiers to the banks,
Till, margined by its pebbles,
One wooded shore was blue with "Yanks,"
And one was gray with "Rebels."

Then all was still ; and then the band
With movement light and tricky,

Made stream and forest, hill and strand,
Reverberate with "Dixie."

The conscious stream, with burnished glow,
Went proudly o'er its pebbles,
But thrilled throughout its deepest flow
With yelling of the Rebels.

Again a pause, and then again
The trumpet pealed sonorous,
And "Yankee Doodle" was the strain
To which the shore gave chorus.

The laughing ripple shoreward flew
To kiss the shining pebbles,
Loud shrieked the swarming Boys in Blue
Defiance to the Rebels.

And yet once more the bugle sang
Above the stormy riot ;
No shout upon the evening rang—
There reigned a holy quiet.

The sad, slow stream its noiseless flood
Poured o'er the glistening pebbles ;
All silent now the Yankees stood,
All silent stood the Rebels ;

No unresponsive soul had heard
That plaintive note's appealing,
So deeply "Home, Sweet Home," had stirred
The hidden founts of feeling.

Or blue or gray, the soldier sees,
As by the wand of fairy,
The cottage 'neath the live-oak trees,
The cabin by the prairie.

Or cold or warm, his native skies
Bend in their beauty o'er him ;

Seen through the tear-mist in his eyes,
His loved ones stand before him.

As fades the iris after rain
In April's tearful weather,
The vision vanished, as the strain
And daylight died together.

But memory, waked by music's art,
Expressed in simplest numbers,
Subdued the sternest Yankee's heart—
Made light the Rebel's slumbers.

And fair the form of Music shines,
That bright, celestial creature,
Who still 'mid war's embattled lines
Gave this one touch of nature.

LONG AGO.

T. S. DENISON.

[NOTE.—The author of the following poem is the well-known play writer and author of the great American novel the "Iron Crown." He has also just issued a new novel,—“The Man Behind,” which promises to be even more popular than the previous one.

The pall of the past with its woes and joys
Is the threadbare mantle of Time,—
Old Time who silvers the locks he toys
While their owners once more are girls and boys
In childhood's beautiful clime.

Oh, those cherished times of the long ago,
They are far and still farther away,
And manhood's years as days we know,
For sorrows will come, and pleasures will go,
Till the months pass by as a day.

Away—away, till ages it seems—
In the long ago prone idols lie
'Mid stranded wrecks of cherished schemes,

Once big with hope in our boyish dreams—
They flourished, but only to die.

Happy we were, though our fitful moods
Caused a mother's tear or a mother's kiss
For imagination's wonderful broods
Peopled a realm where no care intrudes,
A realm of air-castles and bliss.

We are wiser now ; we were happier then,
When our young hearts knew not a sigh ;
And a something whispers the sad refrain,
The reason of all our happiness then,
We knew not that hopes could die.

HOW GIRLS STUDY.

BELLE M'DONALD.

Did you ever see two girls get together to study of an evening? I have, and it generally goes like this ;

"In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. In 1673 Marquette dis— What did you say, Ide? *You had ever so much rather see the hair coiled than braided?*— Yes, so had I. It's so much more stylish, and then it looks classical, too ; but how do you like—Oh, dear ! I can never learn this lesson.

"In 1863 Lafayette discovered the Wisconsin. In 1863 Lafayette discovered the—well ! what's the matter with me, anyhow ! In 1673 Marquette discovered the Mississippi. I don't care if he did. I suppose the Mississippi would have gotten along just as well if Marquette had never looked at it. Now, see here, Ide, is there anything about my looks that would give you to understand that I know when Columbus founded Jamestown, and how George Washington won the battle of Shiloh? Of course there isn't. History's a horrid study, anyhow. No use, either. Now, French is much nicer. I can introduce French phrases very often, and one must know I have studied the language. What is the

lesson for to-morrow? Oh, yes; conjugation of parler. Let's see; how does it commence? Je parle, tu parle, il par—il pa—il—well, il then!

"Conjugations don't amount to anything. I know some phrases that are appropriate here and there, and in almost every locality; and how's anybody going to know but what I have the conjugations all by heart?

"*Have I got my geometry?* No, I'm just going to study it. Thirty-ninth, is it not?

"Let the triangle A B C, triangle A B—say, Ide, have you read about the Jersey Lily and Freddie? I think it is too utterly utter. Oh! theorem.

"Let the triangle A B C be right-angled at B. On the side B C, erect, erect the square A I. On the side—did I tell you Sister Carracciola gave me a new piece to-day, a sonata? It is really intense. The tones fairly stir my soul. I am never going to take anything but sonatas after this. I got another new piece, too. Its name is Etudes. Isn't it funny? I asked Tom this noon what it means, and he says it is Greek for nothing. It is quite apropos, for there is really nothing in it,—the same thing over and over.

"Where was I? Oh! yes; side A C the square A E. Draw the line—come on, let's go at our astronomy. It's on, 'Are the planets inhabited?' Now, Ide, I think they are, and I have thought about it a great deal. I banged my hair last night. I wanted a Langtry bang just too bad for any use, but pa raved, and I had to give in. Yes, I think they are inhabited. I should like to visit some of them, but you would not catch me living in Venus. Eight seasons! Just think how often we would have to have new outfits to keep up with the styles.

"What! you are not going? I am so sorry, but I suppose you are tired. I am. It always makes me most sick to study a whole evening like this. I think Sister ought to give us a picture."

And they go to school next morning and tell the other girls how awfully hard they have studied.

THE SOUBRETTE'S REVENGE.

H. S. HEWITT.

[From New York Music and Drama.]

"Look, Grandmamma!" the soubrette cried,
In accents full of wounded pride,
"Look here! The paper has to-day
A notice of our last night's play;
It says, indeed, I showed some art,
But—I'm too old to play the part."
The maiden laughed as though with glee,
Laughed long and low and merrily.
"Too old," it says—too old by far!
And yet I have a Grandmamma!

"They *don't* know what they write about!"
Exclaimed the soubrette with a pout.
"Too old, indeed! my eyes are clear,
No wrinkles on my brow appear;
My hair is glossy still and bright,
As when with rapid step, and light,
I hurried to rehearsal first
And, almost dead with fear, rehearsed.
Then I was stupid—I was dull,
But critics called me beautiful;
They praised my youth and youthful grace
And praised the beauties of my face.
I couldn't play a young girl's part,
I looked it—but I lacked the art.
Then I was seventeen. I've moiled
For six long years since then and toiled.
Now, when I have the art, I'm told,
In six years I have grown too old!
The man's a perfect brute. Oh, dear!
I only wish I had him here."

"My dear, it cannot be denied,"
The good old Grandmamma replied,
"That modern critics yearn for change,
They hunger for the new and strange."

They have no reverence for the past
Contemptuously behind them cast.
Why, if another took your place
They'd hail with rapture her strange face ;
They'd call it young, because 'twas new,
Though she were twice as old as you !
My dear girl, I could take your place
And win their praise for youth and grace.
They're always ready to adore
What they've never seen before ;
And though I'm fifty-eight—ahem !
Why, I would be a girl to them."

"Oh, Grandma ! if you only could !"
Exclaimed the girl. "And only would !
I'd like to pay that critic out
And show him that, beyond a doubt
He don't know what he writes about."

"I will, my dear, I'll take the role,"
Quickly replied the good old soul.

And so the little plot was laid
And so a brief announcement made,
Upon the following day,
That our soubrette was very ill,
A debutante her place would fill—
The soubrette's part would play.

Soon rumors of all kinds abound
And stories of all sorts fly round
About the youth, the sylph-like grace,
The wonders of the coming face ;—
And last, the evening papers chant
A welcome to the debutante.

The day is past ; the night has come.
The awful orchestra is dumb ;
The curtain rises and the play
Begins to move upon its way.

But that applause ! what mean those cheers ?
The youthful debutante appears—
Comes tripping to the footlights down,
The newest thing in all the town.

Her form is slight ; and bright her face,
Her step is full of youthful grace.
See with what spirit and what vim
She pictures forth a young girl's whim !
How firm and delicate her touch—
Neither too little nor too much !
She makes a hit, and every pause
Is emphasized by loud applause.

The curtain's down ; the house is still,
And then the theater lobbies fill
And many critics of renown,
And all the dudes about the town,
Together their delight express
At so much youthful loveliness.

Next day our merry couple snatch
With more than usual dispatch
The papers, and they search away
For what that critic has to say.

“ Look, Grandmamma ! ” the soubrette cried
(Without a bit of wounded pride),
“ Hear, Grandmamma ! Just listen how
This clever critic puts it now !
He says your triumph illustrates
The theory he advocates ;
That on the stage artistic truth
Requires that youth be shown by youth !
He says that you're a little crude !
Your methods still are somewhat rude !
How's that, dear Grandmamma ? ”

“ My dear,
The man's a fool ! That's very clear.”

"—— But that your future—oh, what fun !—
Will be a very brilliant one !

"A very brilliant one ! well, well !
Come, Grandmamma, come let us tell
This joke to every one we know.
Put on your things and let us go.
We'll tell the critic's friend—his foe—
How now we have at last found out
He don't know what he writes about ;
And that his crude—but rising—star,
Is really you—dear Grandmamma !"

A SAILOR SANTA CLAUS.

PATIENCE STAPLETON.

[From Scrap Collection of A. E. Baldwin, M. D., D. D. S.]

Fur out ter sea, the island lies
Walled in by mighty, frowin' rocks ;
But love kin make a Paradise
That stands the hardest kinds of shocks,
An' thar, sir, is my little home—
That cottage close down by the shore,
Whar oft the risin' breakers' foam
Strikes right agin' my eastern door.

Upon the hill is the big light,
Revolvin' lamp an' lofty tower,
A star of hope on a stormy night,
When threatening clouds begin to lower,
Like the apostles in Scripture told,
Brave, earnest they seemed to me.
We are all fishers, young and old,
On the island ten miles out ter sea.

Some years ago, I think 'twas ten,
Cold come sooner than ever before,

It was so hard on us poor fishermen,
The summer ketch bein' awfully poor ;
An' I tell you, sir, at Christmas tide,
I got to be that sad an' low,
Ef a squall 'ud struck me fur outside
I wouldn't a let the mainsheet go.

I was a coward with grief an' pain,
But the children 'ud stand at my knee,
Tom, Ned, Nance, Dot an' little Jane,
Sayin': "What'll Santa Claus bring ter me?"
I'd answer: "Nuthin', he's forgot."
An' wife would smile, but I'd see a tear,
Then she'd say—bright-eyed, bonny Dot:
"Is it 'cause we live away out here?"

"Is he poor, too, like all the rest?"
Says sober, little, thoughtful Ned;
His mother loved that lad the best,
He'd such a wise, old-fashioned head.
Tom says, "I've tried hard to be good,"
"And I," said Nance, "An' me," lisps Jane,
"An' I wanted so a pooty hood."
She's the smartest baby in all Maine.

Tom thought of a knife, and little Nance
Wanted a blue-eyed doll named Rose.
Ned wanted a pair of store-made pants,
He'd been a-wearin' his sister's clothes,
He wore them dresses so patiently,
I kinder choked at that—dear lad—
But Dot says, clingin' close ter me:
"I need some shoes so dreadful bad."

For hours that night I walked the floor,
While wife sat quiet-like an' sad,
Then the old wrong come back once more,
An' jestice that I might have had:
She'd counseled me to pray and wait:
"For peace will win more good than war."

I told her now, when 'twas too late,
I'd oughter then have gone to law.

I was fishin' then in my new boat,
Named after wife, the Liddy Ann,
The trimmest, best-built craft afloat,
Was owned so by every fisherman.
'Twas kinder foggy an' thick I 'low,
But he'd with him the wind an' tide ;
He see me, sir, as I see you now,
An' he never steered to either side.

His schooner big was sailin' fast,
I was fishin' an' anchored lay,
While he could have gone on fast past ;
I could not git out of the way.
A reckless sailor was Cap'en Dan,
Though was liked an' well to do,
But he was a hard-drinkin' man,
Now what could enny one do ?

An' now, while I stood in the room talkin',
I heard steps outside on the rock,
Then the sound of hurried walkin',
An' the quick clatter of a knock.
Som'at skeered I threw wide the door,
An' Cap'en Dan stood afore me,
While fur the weary breakers' roar
Chimed with the moanin' of the sea.

" Here's the price of the boat," he said,
" My heart is sore, forgive the past,
I promised her—my wife is dead."
Our hands in tremble met at last.
His sorrer ended the feud of years ;
Fur my home was sunny, gay and bright ;
Peace had won, and a woman's tears
Was stronger than law, an' won the right.

I got them gifts, you kin believe,
An' suthin' else, that pleased me great;
I hurried, fur 'twas Christmas Eve,
An' Santa ought not git thar late.
What pleased me so? A gown fur wife,
Blue as her own dear lovin' eyes—
She'd few such gowns in all her life,
An' I pictured out her glad surprise.

For women do love a pooty dress,
To me she's fairer, I kin say,
An' I love her more, I do confess,
Than I did upon our weddin' day.
I left the wharf at half-past two,
To make twelve leagues of angry sea
I tell you, I had about all I could do,
For the wind blowin' fresh an' free.

All of a sudden a thick fog fell,
Like a curtain outer the sky,
I knowed my bearings pooty well
And held her course straight as a die.
An' then I see the fog was snow,
Truly, I think, I groaned aloud,
For snow at sea, all sailors know,
Is many a time an icy shroud.

Oh, where was the island's beacon light
I'd always sighted it afore,
Was the fog so thick, so dark the night,
It didn't shine that fur from shore?
Then a roar that sounded nigh to me,
A crash of breakers—a thunderin' shock,
I knowed I'd drifted out ter sea
An' was close abreast the Lion Rock!

As a drownin' man will see the past
I remembered the presents I had bought,
Knowin' each moment might be my last,
'Twas only of them that I thought.

The gown for wife, the hood for Jane,
The doll, named Rose, for my eager Nance;
Dot's shoes, Tom's knife, then, with pain,
Of little Ned's store-made pants.

A prayer welled up from my sad breast,
That they might know how hard I tried
Ter bring 'em what they liked the best,
And thinkin' lovin' of them, I died.
Then sudden, was I in a dream?
I see it, shinin' clear an' grand,
Off ter the right a yellow gleam
That I couldn't nohow understand.

"'Taint the island lamp, that I know,"
I said aloud and looked an' prayed,
While sumthin' said that way to go,
An' I, a sailor, was sore afraid;
The tiller turned, an' jibbed the sail,
The boat fell off toward the light;
My courage that once began to fail,
Come back, for I knowed the boat was right.

An' then I thought of a story told
Of a Christmas eve an' of a star,
That led them wise, good men of old
Wanderin' there from ever so far.
I follered that light the first time seen,
As they had done the light in the sky;
An' I knew the good Lord didn't mean
That the fisherman father should that time die.

Then faded fast the gleam away,
But nearer, growin' nearer still,
I saw the house lamp's fitful ray,
An' the tower light upon the hill.
She was keepin' watch fur me,
The children all asleep in bed;
Their stockin's I filled silently,
Before a word was ever said.

When I told her all, she murmured low
 "I think 'twas sent from high above,
 The light of heaven showed how to go
 An' led thee safe to home an' love.
 Such miracles are never o'er,
 An' this is His own birthday time,
 Truer to me than ever before
 Is His tender care and His love sublime."

The children woke an' laughed with glee,
 Tom had his knife, her shoes had Dot,
 An' all delighted now ter see
 Kind Santa Claus had not forgot.
 Ned had his pants, and Jane her hood,
 Nance her doll, the gown, my wife ·
 Her kiss paid me as nuthin' could,
 'Twas well worth riskin' my old life :

THE ELF-CHILD.

JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY.

[Made popular as a reading by Prof. A. P. Burbank.]

Little Orphant Annie's come to our house to stay,
 An' wash the cups an' saucers up, and brush the crumbs
 away,
 An' shoo the chickens off the porch, an' dust the hearth,
 an' sweep,
 An' make the fire, an' bake the bread, an' earn her board
 an' keep ;
 An' all us other children, when the supper things is done,
 We set around the kitchen fire an' has the mostest fun
 A-list'nin' to the witch tales 'at Annie tells about,
 An' the gobble-uns 'at gits you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

Onct they was a little boy wouldn't say his pray'rs—
 An' when he went to bed at night, away upstairs,
 His mamma heerd him holler, an' his daddy heerd him bawl,
 An' when they turn't the kivvers down he wasn't there at all!
 An' they seeked him in the rafter-room, an' cubby-hole an'
 press,
 An' seeked him up the chimbly-flue, an' everywheres, I
 guess,
 But all they ever found was thist his pants an' roundabout!—
 An' the gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' one time a little girl 'ud allus laugh an' grin,
 An' make fun of ever' one an' all her blood-an'-kin,
 An' onct, when they was "company," an' ole folks was there,
 She mocked 'em an' shocked 'em, an' said she didn't care!
 An' thist as she kicked her heels, an' turn't to run an' hide,
 They was two great big Black Things a-standin' by her side,
 An' they snatched her through the ceilin' 'for she knowed
 what she's about !

An' the gobble-uns 'll git you
 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
 An' the lamp wick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo !
 An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray,
 An' the lightnin'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
 You better mind yer parents, an' yer teachers fond an' dear,
 An' cherish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
 An' he'p the po' an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
 Er the gobble-uns 'll git you

 Ef you
 Don't
 Watch
 Out !

THE FENCE O' SCRIPTURE FAITH.

MRS. FINDLEY BRADEN.

It a' cam' richt at las', juist as I ken'd it wud, i' God's ain gude time.

For ten lang years I was sair fashed aboot Douglass, oor ainly bairn. He rin awa' frae hame, when but a laddie o' twelve-an-six-months, an' fayther, i' his hard cauld way, bolted the hoose door after him.

"Let him gae!" he cried i' anger. "He's nae lad o' mine frae this day oot!"

"Dinna say that, mon!" I pleaded. "The lad's boun' to return!"

"If he cam' back noo, he cudna enter!"

My empty arms were roun' his neck i' a minit, but he flung me frae him, wi' mair bitter words. It was a' my wark. I had set the bairn against his fayther. And he hated me for it.

It was a' unco sair to bide. Wi' bleeding heart I turned frae him who should hae comforted, and lookt up to the Fayther aboon. An' his gude promises cam' doon i' heavnly giftie. It seemed his ain voice sayin', "As thy days, sae shall thy strength be."

But frae the mirk nicht o' Douglas's ootgaein', my gude mon an' I were pairted. We still shared the same cot, yet he wud hae nae spaech wi' me; puir Douglass' name wasna spoken. He might be miles awa', but he pu'd at oor heart-strings, as i' happier times together. An' ilka day I prayed "Bring the laddie safe hame! He is my earthly a'! I canna gie him up."

Sae I juist built a fence o' true Scripture Faith aroun' my puir weak bodie, an' waited. My expectation was alane frae Him. I ken'd that his ear wasna heavy, an' that he heard my cry. Owre an' owre again, I sang the auld hymn,

"Lord, I canna let thee go
Till this blessing thou bestow.
Dinna turn awa' thy face,
Mine's an urgent, pressing case."

But my gude mon wud sit by wi' scornfu' looks. They made my bluid rin' cauld. He was hardening mair an'

mair, as the years crept by. Ance, when he saw me placin' a candle i' the west window, he snufft it oot, sayin': "I'll hae nane o' that, woman! The ane who left us nae langer has a hame."

"The bairn's hame is his mither's heart," I answered hotly. "You canna forbid his entrance. I'm keepin' the door wide open, an' the light o' my love will shine oot an' guide him back to me at las'. It's a sma' matter whether yon candle burns or nae. I'm hedged in by the gude fence o' Scripture Faith. It is growin' higher an' higher. A' things are possible to him that believeth. I hae cast my burden upon the Lord, an' he is sustaining me. I dinna fear. God is taking gude care o' Douglass, an' suner or later he will bring him hame."

It was a lang speech for a puir, weak woman, but my faith i' God's promises made me bold as Daniel o' auld.

"You maun forgie the laddie," I went on. "He was ainly headstrong like yourself. He wanted to gae his ain way at his ain gait, juist as you hae done a' your life. You canna blame him. But he will return; I ken it weel! Pray for grace to gie him a true hame welcome."

My gude mon gazed at me i' stonishment. "It's a bra' speerit you hae, lass; I dinna think it. But Douglass willna return; I daurna hope it. It's nine years an' mair sin' he left us. He's a mon, noo, wi' sma' love for you an' me an' the auld hame-nest."

"Nay, nay, mon! Dinna believe that! You maun get behin' the fence o' Scripture Faith. I hae been there through a' these weary years o' the laddie's absence. I hae prayed nicht an' day that God may bring him back. An' he *will*. The hymn-book says:

" 'Prayer an answer will obtain,
Though the Lord awhile delay.
Nane 'sha seek his name i' vain,
Nane be empty sent awa'.' "

But my puir mon hadna the faith to believe it. Six months after he was ta'en doon with fever. When oot o' his mind he wud juist ca' an' ca' for Douglass. An' I cud ainly say, "The laddie's awa'. He'll sune be hame. Dinna greet." That wud rest him for a minit, an' then he wud spier again:

"Is Douglass hame yet, lass?"

"Nay, nay!" I wud mak' answer. "But he's comin'; juist wait a wee."

Sae ane lanely nicht, as I sat by his bed, fearin' he might leave me afore the mornin' licht, the door saftly opined an' a strange mon cam' i'. He was ta' an' beardit, an' I thoct him the new dochter frae Aberfoil. Wi'oot speekin', he sat doon.

"You canna halp my gude mon," I began; "he's gaen' fas'!"

The stranger bowed, an' bent owre the low bed.

"He *is* sinking. Hae you tried to rouse him?"

"I canna'," I cried, bitterly. "But oor missin' bairn might."

"Has he bin awa' lang?" spiered the stranger.

"Juist ten years."

"But he may return."

"Ay, when too late! His fayther's face will sune be hidden aneath the heather."

But the sick mon's e'en suddenly cam' opit. There was a glint o' reason i' them. "Lass," he ca'd, "are you there yet?"

"Yes."

"Still behind the fence o' Scripture Faith?"

"Yes, mon."

"An' Douglass is comin' hame?"

"Yes, yes! Dinna doot it."

"Will he be wi' us sune?"

"I hope sae."

His thin han's trembled. "I maun see him afore I dee. If I shudna', gi'e him my blessing. Kiss me lass."

I touched his white cheek for the first time sin' Douglass left us. I lookt up to find the stranger's e'en on us baith.

"Save him if you can," I whispered, "for oor laddie's sake. He luv'd his fayther ance, an' he will be hame at las'."

The strange mon cam' forward wi' ootstretched arms. "Mither," he cried, "I hae cam' hame. Dinna you ken? I am Douglass!"

It was a' true, for he caught fayther an' me i' ane embrace, while oor tears o' happiness fell i' a triple shower. Ay,

that was a reunion worth recallin' ! It's a' cam' back a score o' times. Fayther began to mend frae that nicht. He cudna bear Douglass oot o' his sight, for weeks after. Together we shared the laddie's love, tho' he was a wee bit tenderer wi' my ainsel'. An' weel I ken'd the reason!

"Mither," he said, while fayther ance slept, " your prayers brot me hame, naething else. When far awa' across the ocean, I cud still hear your low, sweet voice, an' see your dear, sad face. You were wi' me a' the time. I fancied I cud hear the words you uttered. Nicht an' day you prayed for my safe return. But I was ane o' the stubborn sort, an' thochts o' fayther's harshness kept me awa'. Those ten years were a lang, lang time, but they were years o' discipline. I made a mon o' mysel' an' then startit for hame i' answer to your ca' But mither, dear mither, I'll never leave you again!"

An' the laddie hasna. Later in life, he wedded as a' laddies should, but he brought his bonnie gude wife to fayther an' me, instead o' gaen awa' wi' her, an' for twenty years we hae bin a united family. Douglass' ain bairns fill the auld hame-nest to owreflowin'.

Frae my safe shelter behind the fence o' Scripture Faith I pray that ane by ane, we may a' be gathered into the Gude Shepherd's fold aboon.

EULOGY ON U. S. GRANT.

LIEUT. E. B. SHERMAN, LL.D.

(Late 2d Lieut. Co. C., 9th Vt. Infantry, also late Lieut.-Col. 1st Brigade, I. N. G.)

[NOTE.—The author has given us special permission to make this brief extract from his eloquent oration which has been most enthusiastically received wherever delivered.]

Wherever human hearts beat responsive to heroic deeds, there the name of Ulysses S. Grant is held in reverent and affectionate regard. When he passed away from earth, America's pale and quivering lips whispered the sad tidings in the ear of every continent, and returning messages of condolence were flashed beneath all seas. Never was there a more devoted and ardent patriot, never one more loyal to

his country, to its government and its institutions, never one prouder of his heritage as an American citizen, yet in name and fame and character, he belongs not to the nation but to the world.

Mankind has been bereaved, and from the brotherhood of noble souls one of the noblest has passed away. In Westminster Abbey, where repose England's illustrious dead, many of England's most illustrious living gathered in honor of the memory of one of America's greatest sons, and one of England's most eloquent scholars, orators and divines wreathed for his brow a chaplet of glory and beauty, and paid him a loving and tender tribute. Eloquent words of eulogy stirred the air where sleep in solemn silence ten centuries of sceptered kings, and echoing back from the fretted roofs died away in the distant aisles where reposes the dust of Albion's immortal bards, renowned statesmen and mighty warriors. Nor was such homage in such a presence undeserved, for where, in all that most magnificent of mausoleums sleeps there one among the titled or untitled dead whose peer he is not?

Obscure and unknown, but the conscious possessor of great qualities, in four short years, by sheer merit, he forced his way from obscurity to the highest pinnacle of human greatness. The secret of his power has never been disclosed. Genius is a law to itself, and the workings of this law can be known only to its possessor. It is even doubtful whether the methods it employs to accomplish its magnificent results, rise so far into the domain of consciousness that they become clearly visible to him who employs them. In this form of greatness, which, because we cannot comprehend or describe it otherwise, we term genius, a subtle and unerring intuition guides the soul. The processes of reason may be comprehended and analyzed, and the path from premises to conclusion clearly understood and unerringly traced. The illumination of genius is as instantaneous as the electric flash. Sometimes this power is manifested by a concentration of immense vital energies in a single direction; sometimes by a rare equipoise of strong mental forces, producing extraordinary results without apparent effort. Such was the genius of General Grant, the genius of an evenly developed, well balanced, finely poised, well

disciplined mind, all of whose powers responded instantly and harmoniously to the mandates of his imperious will.

Great as he was in life, he was greater still in death. With what magnificent courage he met the fell destroyer! With what infinite patience he endured the acutest anguish! With fortitude which could not be shaken; with calmness which could not be ruffled; with cheerful confidence in the goodness and mercy of the Great Father; with unshaken faith in the immortal life beyond; grieving only for the dear ones he left behind, with measured tread he stepped slowly down into the waters of the dark river, and the misty curtain of eternity veiled him from our vision forever.

His marvelous achievements will be forever emblazoned on the pages of history, and inspired bard and eloquent, impassioned orator will thrill the hearts of millions yet unborn, as they pronounce the illustrious name of Grant, and portray in fitting words the matchless splendor of his fame! The grand diapason of reverent and loving admiration which encircles the world to-day, will echo and re-echo down the corridors of coming ages, "till the last syllable of recorded time." In commemoration of his heroic deeds massive monuments will rise, on which will be chiseled his name:

"One of the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die."

Rise, proud monuments, in majestic grandeur, till your summits pierce the clouds, and kiss the over-arching vault of heaven! With mute but moving eloquence proclaim to coming generations the splendor of his character and the matchless glory of his renown! Declare to them the magnificent example of his life, the impressive lesson of his death? Reveal to wondering eyes his massive form, and the striking lineaments of the Great Commander's face!

And, yet, his proudest and most enduring monument will be the Nation whose gallant armies he led to such resplendent victory; whose existence his genius and valor helped to save; whose haughty enemies he twice conquered: in war, by the resistless might of his legions; in peace, by his unexampled magnanimity to a fallen foe.

YES, I'M GUILTY.

J. M. MUNYON.

[From "The Comrade," Chicago, as recited by Miss Nellie Charbonneau.]

"Yes, I'm guilty," the prisoner said,
As he wiped his eyes and bowed his head,
"Guilty of all the crimes you name;
But this yer lad is not to blame.
'Twas I alone who raised the row,
And Judge, if you please, I'll tell yer how.

"You see, this boy is pale and slim;
We calls him saint,—his name is Tim.
He's like a preacher in his ways,
He never drinks, or swears, or plays,
But kinder sighs and weeps all day;
'Twould break your heart to hear him pray.
Why, sir, many and many a night,
When grub was scarce and I was tight,
No food, no fire, no light to see,
When home was hell, if hell there be,
I've seen that boy in darkness kneel,
And pray such words as cut like steel;
Which somehow warmed and lit the room,
And sorter chased away the gloom.
Smile if you must, but facts are facts,
And deeds are deeds, and acts are acts;
And though I'm black as sin can be
His prayers have done 'a heap for me,
And make me think that God, perhaps,
Sent him on earth to save us chaps.
This man what squealed and pulled us in,
He keeps a place called Fiddler's Inn,
Where fakes, and snides, and lawless scamps
Connive and plot with thieves and tramps.
Well, Tim and me, we didn't know
Just what to do or where to go,
And so we staid with him last night,
And this is how we had the fight:

They wanted Tim to take a drink,
But he refused, as you may think,
And told them how the flowing bowl
Contained the fire that kills the soul.
'Drink! drink!' they cried, 'this foaming beer;
'Twill make you strong, and give you cheer.
Let preachers groan and prate of sin,
But give to us the flowing gin!'
Then Tim knelt down beside his chair,
And offered up this little prayer:
'Help me, dear Lord,' the child began,
As down his cheeks the big tears ran,
'To keep the pledge I gave to you,
And make me strong and good and true.
I've done my best to do what's right,
But Lord, I'm sad and weak to-night.
Father, mother, oh, plead for me—
Tell Christ I long with you to be!'

"'Get up, you brat, don't pray round here,'
The landlord yelled with rage and fear,
Then like a brute, he hit the lad,—
Which made my blood just b'iling mad.
I guess I must have hurt his head,
For I struck hard for the man that's dead.
No, he haint no folks or friends but me:
His dad was killed in sixty-three,—
Shot at the front where bursting shell
And cannon sang their song of hell,
And muskets hissed with fiery breath,
As brave men fell to their tune of death.
I promised his father before he died,
As the life blood rushed from his wounded side,
I promised him sir, and it gave him joy,
That I'd protect his darling boy.
I simply did what his father woud,
And helped the weak, as all men should.

"Yes, I knocked him down and blacked his eye,
And used him rough, I'll not deny;

But think of it, Judge, a chap like him
 Striking the likes of little Tim.
 If I did wrong send me below,
 But spare the son of comrade Joe.—
You forgive him—and me? Oh, no!
A fact? God bless you! Come, Tim, let's go."

A PIN.

[Ella Wheeler Wilcox, in *Century*.]

Oh, I know a certain woman who is reckoned with the
 good,
 But she fills me with more terror than a raging lion could.
 The little chills run up and down my spine whene'er we
 meet,
 Though she seems a gentle creature, and she's very trim and
 neat.

And she has a thousand virtues, and not one acknowledged
 sin,
 But she is the sort of person you could liken to a pin.
 And she pricks you, and she sticks you in a way that can't
 be said—
 When you ask for what has hurt you, why you cannot find
 the head.

But she fills you with discomfort and exasperating pain—
 If anybody asks you why, you really can't explain.
 A pin is such a tiny thing—of that there is no doubt—
 Yet when it's sticking in your flesh, you're wretched till it's
 out.

She is wonderfully observing—when she meets a pretty girl
 She is always sure to tell her if her "bang" is out of curl.
 And she is so sympathetic to her friend, who's much ad-
 mired,
 She is often heard remarking: "Dear, you look so worn and
 tired!"

And she is a careful critic; for on yesterday she eyed
The new dress I was airing with a woman's natural pride,
And she said "Oh, how becoming!" and then softly added
"It is really a misfortune that the basque is such a fit."

Then she said: "If you had heard me yestereve, I'm sure,
my friend,
You would say I am a champion who knows how to defend."
And she left me with the feeling—most unpleasant, I aver—
That the whole world would despise me if it had not been
for her.

Whenever I encounter her, in such a nameless way,
She gives me the impression I am at my worst that day.
And the hat that was imported (and that cost me half a
sonnet),
With just one glance from her round eye, becomes a Bowery
bonnet.

She is always bright and smiling, sharp and shining for a
thrust—
Use does not seem to blunt her point, nor does she gather
rust—
Oh! I wish some hapless specimen of mankind would begin
To tidy up the world for me, by picking up this pin.

THE MODEL WOMAN.

BY A WISELY ANONYMOUS MAN.

I know a woman wondrous fair—
A model woman she—
Who never runs her neighbors down,
When she goes out to tea.

She never gossips after church
Of dresses or of hats;
She never meets the sewing school
And joins them in their spats.

She never beats a salesman down,
Nor asks for petty plaques;
She never asks the thousand things
Which do his patience tax.

These statements may seem very strange—
At least they may to some;
But just remember this, my friends—
This woman's deaf and dumb.

A SONG FOR THE CONQUERED.

WILLIAM W. STORY.

I sing the hymn of the Conquered, who fell in the battle of
life;
The hymn of the wounded, the beaten, who died over-
whelmed in the strife.
Not the jubilant song of the victors, for whom the resound-
ing acclaim
Of nations was lifted in chorus, whose brows wore the chap-
let of fame.
But the hymn of the low and the humble, the weary, the
broken in heart,
Who strove and who failed, acting bravely a silent and des-
perate part;
Whose youth bore no flower in its branches, whose hopes
burned in ashes away;
From whose hands slipped the prize they had grasped at,
who stood at the dying of day
With the work of their life all around them, unpitied, un-
heeded, alone,
With death swooping down o'er their failure, and all but
their faith overthrown.

While the voice of the world shouts its chorus—its pæan for
those who have won—
While the trumpet is sounding triumphant and high to the
breeze and the sun—

Gay banners are waving, hands clapping, and hurrying feet
 Thronging after the laurel-crowned victors, I stand on the
 field of defeat,
 In the shadow 'mongst those who are fallen, and wounded
 and dying, and there
 Chant a requiem low, place my hand on their pain-knotted
 brows, breathe a prayer,
 Hold the hand that is helpless, and whisper, "They only the
 victory win
 Who have fought the good fight, and have vanquished the
 demon that tempts us within;
 Who have held to their faith unseduced by the prize that
 the world holds on high;
 Who have dared for a high cause to suffer, resist, fight—if
 need be, to die."

Speak, History! Who are life's victors? Unroll thy long
 annals, and say—
 Are they those whom the world called the victors who won
 the success of the day?
 The martyrs, or Nero? The Spartans who fell at Ther-
 mopylæ's tryst,
 Or the Persians of Xerxes? His judges, or Socrates?
 Pilate, or Christ?

MISS SPLICER TRIES THE TOBOGGAN.

CLARA AUGUSTA, IN PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

[Recited by Miss Dora Stephani.]

How things has changed since I was a girl!—that is to
 say, since my grandma was a girl!

Then, when a young lady went into any out-of-door sports,
 she was called a tomboy, and she warn't never, never likely
 to have a beau.

And, of course, no girl dared to do it. But she staid in the
 house, and sewed patchwork and knit stockings for her pa;
 and everybody admired her, and said how modest she was.

But now, it's the fashion to exercise out-of-doors. It

makes muscle, and braces up the nervous cistern, and gives tone, they say.

I have never gone into new things, as some folks do. I should probably have been married, years ago, if it had not been that I wanted to study the men that came round a-courting. And, while I was a-studying of 'em, they went and married somebody else—which proves that men, make the best of 'em, is shiftless critters. Still, if it should be my lot to have to take one of 'em, for better or for worse, I should try and think the Lord so ordered it, and be resigned to my fate.

In Flintville, where I live now, everybody has got the twoboggin-craze. There has been a good many crazes here. The roller-skating took all classes, till most of the women broke their backs, and the ministers preached ag'inst it as immoral, and the church-members wouldn't let their girls go. Then the crazy-patchwork business struck the town, and everybody made silk bedquilts, and everybody begged "pieces" of everybody else; and all the storekeepers put in short ends of ribbon, and sold ten cents' wuth for fifty cents.

After cold weather came, the two-boggin-craze struck us. Of course, you all know what a twoboggin is, and that Injuns up in Canady used to have 'em to take their women-folks out to ride.

At fust, they looked rather ticklish to me. I concluded I'd rather be on dry land.

Tom Stiles got the fust one, and Sarah Ann Layton got the next one. Sarah Ann leads the styles, in Flintville; and after she'd slid down her father's sheep-pastur' hill, and knocked out three of her front teeth, and broke her right lower limb, by jumping off from her course and bumping ag'inst an oak-tree, all Flintville went for twoboggins.

The "Flintville Telegraft" took to printing how sweet the girls looked in their twobogginning-suits; and we all wanted to look sweet, and see it printed—that we did.

So I got me a twoboggin.

Brother Enoch was awful disgusted. It don't take much to disgust him. He's lived with me ever since his wife died, two years ago, and so has his two children. Them children is dreadful! They've driv me nigh about distracted; and,

if you should hear that I've had softening of the brains, you'll know that it's Sam and Miry Splicer that's done it. It's a pity they hadn't died when they had the measles : for then they'd escaped a great deal of suffering ; and they'd never have lived to tie a tin pail to my dear darling Fido's tail and drive him almost into the hydrophoby, so that he bit Mike Flinnigin in the bootleg ; and it cost me ten dollars to make Mike a well man.

"Pameely," says Enoch to me, when he seed my two-boggin, "I'm astonished—I'm ashamed of you. The idee of a woman of your age gitting one of them tethery things, and calculating to steer yourself down-hill onto it. You'll break your neck, the fust clip."

"You talk as if I was an old woman, Enoch," says I. "Do try and remember that you was young once yourself. I want a little something for exercise and recreation."

"Then you'd better split up some kindling-wood and mend me a couple of pairs of stockings," says he ; "my toes is sticking out through so, now, that my toe-nails is driv clear back into their sockets. Oh, dear ! I wish Marier was alive."

"So do I," says I ; "or else, that she'd took you and Sam and Miry along with her. It's terrible inconvenient for a man's wife to die, and leave him and his children for his relations to see after."

"Pameely," says he, "I wish you could git married. But, the Lord knows, I should pity the man."

" Birds in their little nests agree ;
And 'tis a shameful sight
When children of one familee
Fall out, and chide, and fight."

So sung out Sam Splicer, the boy, who happened to come into the room jest then, a-eating an orange, and the juice of it a-running down onto his clothes and onto the carpet, like the Falls of Niagara.

"Pameely," says Enoch, after he had slapped the boy's ears and sot him to studying his Sunday-school lesson, "I've allus felt sorry for your being an old maid ; but I ain't to blame for it. And sometimes I almost wish I'd a-gone to be an angel, when Marier went."

"An angel?" says I. "A pretty-looking angel you'd make, with them blue overalls of your'n, and that quid of tobacker in your mouth! I guess the rest of 'em would be proud of you."

"Wal, anyhow," says he, "I wouldn't attempt to make a girl of myself, a-sliding onto that thing. With your figger, as lank as a beanpole in the fall of the year, if you should happen to git upso't, you'd be a specktle."

I didn't deign to answer him. But the next night, there being a full moon, I invited Major Stebbins to go over to the shute with me.

The Major is a widder, like myself, and he's sad and lonely in this vale of tears; and I thought, if I could make life any pleasanter to him—if I could soothe a sad and sorrerful moment for his lacerated heart, it was my duty to soothe.

The Major lost a lower limb in the late war, and has to go on an artificial; but you wouldn't notice it, unless you knowed about it.

He took the twoboggin, and I took his arm, and we sot forth. The shute, as they call the sliding-place, is over on t'other side of Bingle's Pond, and it's down quite a steep hill, and the pond at the end.

It was alive with folks. Old and young, all talking together, and all puffing like steam-injins, with climbing up the hill.

I'd took along an old bolster, to set onto, for my machine warn't cushioned, when I bought it, and the Major rigged it on, and he and I got onto the twoboggin. It was awful hard work to hold the critter still—she wanted to be off, and the Major dug his wooden foot into the snow on one side, and held her in.

"Oh, dear!" says I. "I'm a'most afeard. If she should kick up, or the hitching should break, or the track should be up, it would give us an awful tumble."

"I am with you!" says the Major, squeezing my waist with the arm he'd put round to hold me in place. "I've been in twenty battles, where the bullets fell like hail, and—"

He didn't go no further, for jest then the twoboggin broke loose, and the thing was too quick for the Major to

draw in his wooden limb, and it was twisted off in a twinkling, and left sticking in the snow behind, while the rest of him streaked it like lightning down that track of ice. There were lots of folks in front of us, but they couldn't stop to turn out, and my twoboggin undertook to go by, and it struck a sled in front, and bounced, and went clear over the sled, just as a trained Thomas cat jumps over your hands; and I hung to the Major, and the Major hung to the twoboggin, and somebody yelled:

"Come back and git yer leg!"

But we didn't pay any attention to 'em; we jest kept right on, and about twenty feet from the end of the shute, the twoboggin hit a lump of ice that had fell off the side of the track; I lost my balance, and the Major too; and the next thing I knowed, I was into Bingle's Pond clear up to my chin, and two men standing on the ice was trying to pull me out by the hair of my head, which, being bought at a store and not rooted into my skulp, come off at the fust grab, and left my brains pretty nigh out in the cold and cruel world.

Major Stebbins hain't spoke to me since. He seed 'em load me onto a sled, and kerry me home, and never said a soothing word. As if I was to blame for his breaking off his old leg. It's jest like a man. Allus laying the blame onto a woman. They say he's engaged to the Widder Lane. I wish her much joy with him, I'm sure. If I had got to have a man, I should want a whole one.

My twoboggin is for sale. Price, three dollars. It's splendid exercise; but one isn't sure of ice the year round, and I don't think it agrees with me, altogether.

A CONCORD LOVE SONG.

J. JEFFREY ROCHE.

Shall we meet again, love,
In the distant When, love,
When the Now is Then, love,
And the Present, Past?

Shall the mystic Yonder
On which I ponder,
I sadly wonder,
 With thee be cast ?

Oh ! the joyless fleeting
Of our primal meeting,
And the fateful greeting
 Of the How and Why ?
Oh ! the Thingness flying
From the Hereness, sighing
For a love undying
 That fain would die.

Oh ! the Ifness sadd'ning,
The Whichness madd'ning,
And the But ungladd'ning,
 That lie behind !
When the signless token
Of love is broken
In the speech unspoken
 Of mind to mind.

But the mind perceiveth
When the spirit grieveth,
And the heart relieveth
 Itself of woe.
And the doubt-mists lifted
From the eyes love-gifted
Are rent and rifted
 In the warmer glow.

In the Inner Me, love,
As I turn to thee, love,
I seem to see, love,
 No Ego there.
But the Meness dead, love,
The Theeness fled, love,
And born instead, love,
 An Usness rare !

DECORATION DAY ORATION.

[NOTE.—The following oration was delivered by the Rev. E. G. Cheverton, the well-known and gifted author.]

We are assembled here to-day in pursuance of an annual custom to lay upon the graves of the dead heroes of the late war our fragrant tokens of loving regard, and it has fallen to my lot to pronounce at this time the few and brief words of grateful praise, that shall testify that the memories of our dead are yet fresh and green as the turf that covers them, and their loving sacrifice still unforgotten. Standing here, without scratch of bayonet or scar of bullet, or smell of the battle fire upon me; having never known the forced march, the shock of battle, the pangs of hunger or parching thirst; who am I that I should undertake the praise of those who knew all these things, and crowned every lesser sacrifice by the priceless offering of life itself. "They jest at scars who never felt a wound," sings the poet, but let us hope for the credit of humanity the poet is at fault. We unwounded may fail to honor the scar as we should, but who can make jest of the suffering of his fellows, and lower than the lowest slave that ever crawled abject at a tyrant's foot must he be who could make mock of the scar earned in defence of liberty. But let us ponder awhile, the loss and gain of the nation in these graves of her soldiers. And in the loss of the nation I do not refer to loss of money or destruction of property; labor can easily build again the ruined home and make the trampled field blossom with a new beauty. Time, labor and increasing prosperity will soon hide the marks of war's ravages and desolations. I think that as we mourn the loss of so many thousands we may well believe that among them were those, who, had they lived, the nation might have delighted to honor. Mingled with those who left the plow in the furrow and the hammer on the anvil, there were thoughtful browed students who, at the alarm of war, threw down their books and came trooping through the portals of academy and college, and were there not among them sage and poet, statesmen and orators; men that should have given name and fame to heighten the luster of that already dazzling page of history which shines with world known and world honored names?

Longfellow has passed across "the covered bridge that leads from light to light;" his requiem hymn hath come from the aged lips of his friend and our friend Whittier, but who shall take up the harp of the dead master and wake anew its strings to majestic minstrelsy? Perchance among the thousands who slumber in these graves there lies the one who alone could have worn the poet's crown. Was there no great mind among all these, that might have helped to fill the void that Concord's dead philosopher hath left behind? Were there no statesmen in that throng whose impassioned eloquence echoing out beyond the halls that heard it should reach the listening outer millions and lead them in a new crusade against crying wrong and flagrant abuse of trust and power? Was there no artist's eye and hand among that company who should have taught us the beauty of the beautiful, the purity of the pure? O hero hearts, we twine to-day the garlands of our love; we crown your memories with crowns of chivalry. And it is mine to remind you to-day that our loss does not lie within the limit of any section or party, loyal or rebel. We are losers by every grave that holds a soldier's bones, whether that dust once was covered by gray uniform or blue. They were rebels and died armed against the liberties we love. They strove to pluck from the azure of our flag the brightest stars that beamed there. Yes, and they brought with their strife American hearts and American courage and daring, for they too were Americans, and from their ranks had come some of our bravest and best; from Southern homes mothers of the South have sent out their sons to give wisdom to the senate hall, and eloquence to the forum, and enrich with wealth of brain and mind the literature of liberty. In the graves that entomb the Southern soldier lie buried, as well as in the grave of the North, the hope of the country, and what might have been the country's pride and glory. Alas! that the story ends with those "saddest words of tongue or pen." Alas for the songs unsung, the eloquence unspoken, lost with the "Lost Cause."

As the royal mourner, David, forgot the rebel looking on the pallid beauty of the dead son, so it seems to me that royal America, draped in the regal purple of her flag, and crowned with the golden glory of its stars, must cry even over these rebel graves, "My son! my son!" We wage not war beyond the grave. They were champions of a false and evil cause,

and dearly did they pay for their championship. But they were brave foes, and we need not to-day be ashamed to remember that they were Americans. If they were false to their flag they were not false to the American nature, they fought like heroes, and they died like men. And standing here to-day looking out upon these graves, we can feel that these ashes which once "throbbed in saints and heroes rare," builded up in living walls, as bulwarks of liberty, have not ceased their defence. For if in years that are to come, tyrannic power shall meditate invasion, if "wan treachery with her thirsty dagger drawn," shall dream of usurpation, these shall find between them and their will the knowledge of the bravery of these dead. They shall remember that these have left sons and brothers with the same love of liberty and hate of wrong. And if they seek in vain the white tents of the martial camp, they shall call to mind that every cottage which holds a man, holds a soldier, who for the sake of these green graves, and their household altars, will even dare to die.

We owe it to these, the dead, that, pointing to the flag above, we can challenge the world and say, "It is the home of the free," witness these unshackled hands. It is the "home of the brave," witness these countless graves that billow like, wave across the prairie sea. We are gainers in justifiable pride. Happy the nation that hath such sons and daughters who love freedom and the principles of liberty better than life itself! We are gainers in that we have the memory of those who loved them to make every star in that banner dearer than before. We are gainers in unity, for we believe the Union was never more a Union than to-day. The blood of men hath been poured to cement it, and he who would break these bonds, or pluck a star from our banner's azure, must first teach us to forget how well these loved the flag, and died that it might still float, the flag of the free, over a united people.

THE PRICE OF A DRINK.

JOSEPHINE POLLARD.

"Five cents a glass!" does any one think
That is really the price of a drink?

"Five cents a glass," I hear you say,
"Why, that isn't very much to pay."
Ah, no, indeed! 'tis a very small sum
You are passing over 'twixt finger and thumb;
And if that were all you gave away,
It wouldn't be very much to pay.

The price of a drink? Let him decide
Who has lost his courage, and lost his pride,
And lies a groveling heap of clay,
Not far removed from a beast, to-day.

The price of a drink? Let that one tell
Who sleeps to-night in a murderer's cell,
And feels within him the fires of hell.
Honor and virtue, love and truth,
All the glory and pride of youth,
Hopes of manhood, and wreath of fame,
High endeavor, and noble aim—
These are the treasures thrown away
As the price of a drink from day to day.

"Five cents a glass!" How Satan laughed
As over the bar the young man quaffed
The beaded liquor; for the demon knew
The terrible work that drink would do;
And ere the morning, the victim lay
With his life-blood swiftly ebbing away;
And that was the price he paid, alas!
For the pleasure of taking a social glass.

The price of a drink! If you want to know
What some are willing to pay for it, go
Through the wretched tenement over there,
With dingy windows and broken stair,
Where foul disease like a vampire crawls
With outstretched wings o'er the moldy walls.
There poverty dwells with her hungry brood,
Wild-eyed as demons for lack of food;
There shame, in a corner, crouches low;

There violence deals its cruel blow;
 And innocent ones are thus accursed
 To pay the price of another's thirst.
 "Five cents a glass!" Oh! if that were all,
 The sacrifice would indeed, be small!
 But the money's worth is the least amount
 We pay, and, whoever will keep account,
 Will learn the terrible waste and blight
 That follow the ruinous appetite.
 "Five cents a glass!" Does any one think
 That that is really the price of a drink?

HIS EYE WAS STERN AND WILD.

His eye was stern and wild—his cheek was pale and cold
 as clay;
 Upon his tightened lip a smile of fearful meaning lay;
 He mused awhile—but not in doubt—no trace of doubt was
 there,
 It was the steady, solemn pause of resolute despair.
 Once more he looked upon the scroll—once more its
 words he read—
 Then calmly, with unflinching hand, its folds before him
 spread.
 I saw him bare his throat, and seize the blue, cold gleaming
 steel,
 And grimly try the tempered edge he was so soon to feel!
 A sickness crept upon my heart, and dizzy swam my head,
 I could not stir—I could not cry—I felt benumb'd and
 dead;
 Black icy horrors struck me dumb, and froze my senses
 o'er;
 I closed my eyes in utter fear, and strove to think no more.

* * * * *

Again I looked—a fearful change across his face had
 passed—

He seemed to rave—on cheek and lip a flaky foam was
 cast;
 He raised on high the glittering blade—then first I found a
 tongue—
 “Hold, madman! stay thy frantic deed,” I cried, and forth
 I sprung;
 He heard me, but he heeded not; one glance around he
 gave;
 And ere I could arrest his hand, he had begun to *shave!*

NOTHIN' TO SAY.

[James Whitcomb Riley, in *Century*.]

Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!—
 Girls that's in love, I've noticed, ginerly have their way!
 Yer mother did afore you, when her folks objected to *me*—
 Yit here *I* am, and here *you* air! and yer mother—where is
 she?

You look lots like your mother. Purty much the same in
 size;
 And about the same complected; and favor about the eyes.
 Like her, too, about *livin'* here, because *she* couldn't stay;
 It'll most seem like you was dead like her!—but I hain't got
 nothin' to say!

She left you her little Bible—writ yer name acrost the
 page—
 And left her ear-bobs fer you, if ever you come of age.
 I've allus kep' 'em and gyaured 'em, but ef yer goin'
 away—
 Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin at all to say!

You don't rickollect her, I reckon? No, you wasn't a year
 old then,
 And *now* yer—how old air you? Why, child, *not* “twenty,”
 when?
 And yer nex' birthday's in April? and you want to git mar-
 ried that day?

. . . I wisht yer mother was livin'!—but—I hain't got nothin' to say!

Twenty year! and as good a gyrl as parent ever found!
There's a straw ketched onto yer dress there—I'll bresh it off—turn round.

(Her mother was jest twenty when us two run away!)
Nothin' to say, my daughter! Nothin' at all to say!

“THE MAN WITH THE MUSKET.”

(Chicago Ledger.)

[In the spring or summer of 1886, there appeared in the *Century* five stanzas with the above title, published anonymously, which were widely copied, and which attracted much attention. I thought them—and many agree with me—the very best poetical tribute to the Union soldier in print. The author, H. S. Taylor, lives at Englewood, Ill., and as one of the Missouri volunteers, marched with Sherman to the Sea. He has kindly furnished me the whole, including three stanzas not before published, and I am glad to give your readers a chance to preserve this stirring poem, which truly rings like a bugle.]—*James Franklin Fitts.*

They are building as Babel was built, to the sky,
With clash and confusion of speech;
They are piling up monuments massive and high
To lift a few names out of reach.
And the passionate, green-laureled god of the great,
In a whimsical riddle of stone,
Has chosen a few from the Field and the State
To sit on the steps of his throne.

But I—I will pass from this rage of renown,
This ant-hill commotion and strife,
Pass by where the marbles and bronzes look down,
With their fast frozen gestures of life,
On, out to the nameless who lie 'neath the gloom
Of the pitying cypress and pine;
Your man is the man of the sword and the plume,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! By all that is noble I knew
This commonplace hero I name!
I've camped with him, marched with him, fought with
him too,

In the swirl of the fierce battle-flame!
Laughed with him, cried with him, taken a part
Of his canteen and blanket, and known
That the throb of his chivalrous prairie boy's heart
Was an answering stroke of my own!

I knew him, I tell you! And also I knew
When he fell on the battle-swept ridge,
That the poor battered body that lay there in blue
Was only a plank in the bridge
Over which some should pass to a fame
That shall shine when the high stars shall shine!
Your hero is known by an echoing name,
But the man of the musket is mine.

I knew him! All through him the good and the bad
Ran together, and equally free;
But I judge as I trust Christ has judged the poor lad,
For death made him noble to me.
In the cyclone of war, in the battle's eclipse
Life shook out its lingering sands,
And he died with the names that he loved on his lips
His musket still grasped in his hands!
Up close to the flag my soldier went down
In the salient front of the line:
You may take for your heroes the men of renown,
But the man of the musket is mine!

There is peace in the May-laden grace of the hours
That come when the day's work is done;
And peace with the nameless who, under the flowers,
Lie asleep in the slant of the sun.
Beat the taps! Put out lights! and silence all sound;
There is rifle-pit strength in the grave!
They sleep well who sleep, be they crowned or un-
crowned,
And Death will be kind to the brave.

Old comrades of mine, by the fast waning years
That move to mortality's goal,

By my heart full of love and my eyes full of tears,
 I hold you all fast in my soul!
 And I march with the May, and its blossomy charms
 I tenderly lay on this sod,
 And pray they may rest there, old comrades in arms,
 Like a kiss of forgiveness from God!

THE MODERN AND MEDIÆVAL BALLAD OF MARY JANE.

[NOTE.—The manuscript of the following ballad was kindly furnished us from a private collection some time since, but there was no author's name attached, hence we are unable to give proper credit. The whole should be performed in pantomime behind a curtain of such texture that the audience may easily distinguish the outlines of the figures, while the lines are being recited by some one in front of curtain. The reciter should stand at left side of stage,—so as not to interrupt the view—and as occasion permits refer to the figures behind the curtain. If well performed, it makes an excellent exercise for parlor or public entertainment.]

Scene I.

It was a maiden beauteous,
 Her name was Mary Jane,
 To teach the district school she walked
 Each morning down the lane.
(She passes and repasses behind curtain.)

Well skilled was she in needle-work,
 Egyptian she could speak,
 Could manufacture griddle cakes
 And jest in ancient Greek.

It was the stalwart Benjamin
 Who hoed his father's corn.
 He saw the lovely maiden pass
 At breaking of the morn.
(He enters at left with hoe.)

Deep sighed that bold, admiring swain,
 The maid vouchsafed no look—
 She munched a sprig of mullein-seed
 And read her spelling book.
(She enters at left and halts.)

A low obeisance made he then,
 Right bravely did he speak,
 "There is no rose so fair," he said,
 "As that upon thy cheek!"

"And many a brooch and silken gown
 Will I bestow on thee
 If thou wilt leave thy father's house,
 And come and marry me."

Then proudly spake that lovely maid,
 "Thy corn patch thou mayst till,
 I haste to teach the infant mind
 On yonder lofty hill.

"Though never golden brooch have I,
 Though silken gown I lack,
 I will not wed an husbandman,
 So take thine offer back."

O fiercely blow the icy blasts
 When winter days begin,
 But fiercer was the rage that filled
 The heart of Benjamin.

He tore in shreds his raven locks,
 And vowed he'd love no more.
 "Smile on," he cried, "thou haughty maid,
 Thou shalt repent thee sore."

The lady turned, she did not speak;
 Her teardrops fell like rain.
(Tear pieces of paper for teardrops.)
 Those plaintive words at last did pierce
 The heart of Mary Jane.

Scene II.

O, blithely sang the soaring lark,
 The morning smiled again.

Up rose the sun with golden beams,
And up rose Mary Jane.

She got up to her daily task
As on the former morn.
Alack, she spied not Benjamin
A hoeing of the corn.

No longer as she trips along,
Her merry song she sings.
Her teardrops dim her pretty eyes,
Her lily hands she wrings.

*(Lark and sun made of pasteboard and placed back of sheet,
by means of strings, and raised up for sun.)*

"And art thou gone, sweet Benjamin,
Ah, whither hast thou fled?
My spelling book has charms no more,
I would that I were dead."

But soon her bitter moan she ceased,
She viewed her doughty knight
Delayed not many leagues from there,
And in most grievous plight.
(Lamp shaded.)

For, as he to his husbandry—
That day would fain have passed,
A monster cow his path beset,
And sorely him harrassed.

Upon the summit of a wall
He sits, and does not flee.
The awful beast its sprangled horns
Doth brandish frightfully.

"Mary Jane," he cried, "if you
But love me do not stay
To weep, but lend a friendly hand,
And drive the cow away."

Her apron then she quickly takes
 And wipes her streaming eyes.
 Not quicker melts the morning dew,
 Than to her love she flies.
(Pasteboard cow.)

The monster turns at her approach,
 It shakes its ample tail.
 Take heart, oh Benjamin, thy love
 Will neither quake nor quail.

Her parasol that venturous maid
 Exalted o'er her head,
 Thrice waved it in the air and lo,
 Straightway the monster fled.

Then tarried not that joyous pair
 Fond vows of love to make,
 But to the house of Mary Jane
 Themselves they did betake.
(Shade lamp and pause.)

Then out spake grateful Benjamin,
 "Forsooth I had been dead,
 Had Mary Jane not saved my life,
 And her I fain would wed."

Up spake her aged sire then,
 Full wrathfully spake he,
 "How darest thou, thou popinjay,
 To ask such thing of me.

"For wert thou but a millionaire,
 Then would I not demur.
 Now thou art but an husbandman
 And she a school teacher."

O, sorely, sorely did they grieve.
 The cruel parent's heart

Inflexible as stone remained,
And they were torn apart.

(Motion apart. Shade lamp. Illustration of parent between lovers.)

Scene III.

And now has come Lord Mortimer,
A suing for her hand.
A richer nobleman than he
Is not in all the land.

Upon his lordly knees he sank,
On bended knees he fell,
"And wilt thou not, fair Mary Jane,
Within my castle dwell.

"Thou walkest now with weary feet,
But thou shalt ride in state,
And dine and sup like any queen
Off my ancestral plate."

Right scornfully that angry maid
Her dainty nose upturned.
She waved her lily hand thus,
His tempting offer spurned.

"Get hence, avaunt, I scorn thy gold,
Likewise thy pedigree.
I plighted troth to Benjamin
Who sails the briny sea."

(Exit Mortimer. Enter Father.)

"Nay, verily," her father said;
"Braid up thy golden hair;
Prepare to die, if thou wilt not
For nuptials prepare."

(Flourishes pasteboard knife.)

She braided up her golden hair
With jewels bright eft soon.

She clad her in her twice-dyed gown
And else her thrice-patched shoon.

"O, Benjamin! O, Benjamin!"
'Twas all that she could say.
She wist not but that he was dead
Or a thousand leagues away.

Alack for Mary Jane! The knife
Hangs glittering o'er her head.
Before the altar Mortimer
Waits, his fair bride to wed.

"Who knocks upon the outer gate?
O, father, quickly hie!"
"'Tis but the grimy charcoal man,
We have no time to buy."

"Methinks I hear the area bell,
O, father, quickly speed!"
"'Tis but a pesky book agent,
You have no time to read."

The fatal knife descends, descends,
Her shrieks no mercy win,
When lo! a shout, the door gives way,
In rushes Benjamin.

"Full many a year a pirate bold,
I sailed the Spanish main.
I now return, a millionaire,
To claim my Mary Jane."

Out spoke the happy sire, then,
"Can I my eyes believe;
Upon your knees, my children dear,
My blessing to receive."

(Shade lamp.)

Alas! the luckless Mortimer,
Of love the hopeless dupe,
He gave up all his title deeds
And joined a circus troupe.

(Shade lamp.)

But merrily the bells did ring,
Loud was the cannon's din
Upon the day when Mary Jane
Was wed to Benjamin.

THE FOUR FLIES.—A BOARDING HOUSE EPISODE.

E. D. PIERSON, IN PUCK.

On a window-sill one morning still,
In golden summer weather,
Four weary flies with blinking eyes
Buzzed hungrily together.
Before them lay a table, spread
With desolate looking fare;
They knew they were in a boarding house
By the chipped stone-chinaware.

Said the oldest fly, with a tear-dimmed eye:
"All this I have been through,
And if you eat of this doubtful treat,
That hour you will surely rue.
I lost my ma, and I lost my pa,
And I lost my children three;
They were snared by such delusive joys
As the ones to-day we see."

But though kindly warned her advice was scorned,
And straight the trio flew
To the table head, whereon was spread
The frugal dishes few.

And left the patriarch fly alone
 A-weeping on the sill;
 And set to work without ado
 To eat and drink their fill.

The first young fly resolved to try
 The milk cerulean blue,
 For his head was sore from the night before
 When he staid a party through.
 But, alas! the chalk that filled his cup
 Brought cramps that laid him low;
 "Ha, ha!" buzzed the fly from his window-pane;
 "Now, didn't I tell you so?"

The second fly had set his eye
 On the ponderous sugar bowl,
 And made a jump for the biggest lump
 His hunger to console.
 But the marble dust soon stretched him out
 A corpse on the cloth below.
 While the old fly sang as a requiem:
 "Now, didn't I tell you so?"

And now the third adventurous bird
 Attacked a dish of peas,
 Which a year or more before the war
 Had been brought across the seas.
 When the verdigris got in its work
 His joy was turned to woe,
 While the old fly hummed to a dismal tune,
 "Now, didn't I tell you so?"

The aged fly of the tear-dimmed eye,
 Who sat on the window-sill,
 Was filled with woe as she saw them go
 To meet a fate so ill.
 "Why should I care to live," she said;
 "When death lurks everywhere?"
 In every toothsome dish, I ween,
 Is hidden some despair."

So forth she stole to the poisonous bowl
 Which the name "Fly Poison" bore.
 And with maniac laugh began to quaff
 The deadly drink galore.
 It did not kill—it made her stout
 She aldermanic grew,
 Because, you see, the poison was
 Adulterated, too!

PRAYER.

ELIZA M. HICKOK.

[From the American Jew's Annual.]

I know not by what methods rare,
 But this I know, God answers prayer.
 I know not when He sends the word
 That tells us fervent prayer is heard.
 I know it cometh soon or late;
 Therefore we need to pray and wait.
 I know not if the blessing sought
 Will come in just the guise I thought.
 I leave my prayers with Him alone
 Whose will is wiser than my own.

SORE DISAPPOINTMENT.

[After the German of Th. Koehner, by E. F. L. Gauss.]

I have a hot and youthful blood,
 As none of you have missed;
 Of kisses I am very fond,
 Yet I have never kissed.
 Although my love is true to me,
 'Tis just as if 't should never be;
 In spite of cunning and of pain,
 I never could a kiss obtain,

* Written especially for ~~this~~ book.

I followed Ann, my charmer fair,
Some time ago in haste,
I caught her by the brook and put
My arm around her waist;
When suddenly from out her hand
A needle ran into my hand,
The blood came fast—'t went to the bone—
And all the kissing mood was gone.

Of late I took a walk for health,
I saw my Ann—oh, bliss!—
I put my arm around her neck
And asked her for a kiss.
She offered me her rosy lip,
There came that foolish dog—her Chip,
And in a rage my leg did bite,
My love for kissing did subside.

Last week we sat before her door,
And took a blissful rest;
She gave me her dear little hand,
I drew her to my breast;
When came her pa from out the door,
Where he had watched us long before,
And as was usual in the end,
Without a kiss me home did send.

But yesterday I passed her house—
Had nothing else to do—
She softly whispered through the blinds:
"At eve expect I you."
I in my foolish passion came,
The ladder put to the window's frame;
But under me it broke in two—
I had without my kiss to do.

And, alas! thus I always fare!
Oh, must I suffer this?
In all the world I'll ne'er be glad,
If I shall get no kiss.

Ah, fortune looks so grim at me!
What is my guilt, that thus it be?—
Have mercy all, who shall hear this,
And come and give me quick a kiss!

TRIBUTE TO LOGAN.

[Delivered by E. B. Sherman, LL.D., at Memorial Service, Chicago.]

The Grand Army of the Republic, organized to foster the friendships formed in camp and field, and bivouac; to perpetuate the memory of valiant achievements; to stimulate the patriotism that inspired to deeds of valor and supremest victory; to feed the flame of heroic endeavor and self-sacrifice which was kindled in every loyal heart when Sumter fell; which glowed with steady brilliancy on a hundred battlefields and shed unfading luster on our nation's history, finds its saddest and most sacred duty in performing due rites of sepulture to its remaining members as, one by one, they fall from its thinned and shattered ranks, and join the serried hosts in the bivouac of the dead.

* * * * *

To-night we come to perform appropriate ceremonies over our comrades who during the past year have fought their last battle and surrendered to the mighty conqueror whose fiat none may resist. Nothing can be more fitting than the tender tributes of affection we pay to our departed friends; nothing more exalts and ennobles a nation than the deserved honors it pays to its illustrious dead.

More than eighteen hundred years ago, on Judea's storied plains, the Divine Friend wept at the grave of his humble followers, and as He thus consecrated to divinest uses the tears which, at friendship's bidding or at love's behest, fall into the open tomb, those who stood by marveled and said: "Behold how He loved him." He who gave sight to the blind, at whose bidding the dead came forth from the sepulcher, to whom angels came and ministered while in Gethsemane, He who bore the sorrows of the world, could find

no fitting words in which to voice His grief, and paid to His faithful friend the matchless tribute of a tear.

One of those whose loss we mourn to-night bore a conspicuous part in the great struggle to preserve our nation's life and perpetuate its liberties, and became distinguished in the higher realms of statesmanship. He was, indeed, one of the most illustrious of the "uncrowned kings" which our American civilization has produced, and who are its proudest trophies and its highest glory. His character was truly regal and massive; the qualities he displayed were worthy of the highest admiration. Incorruptible integrity! Invincible courage! Undying patriotism! Scrupulous fidelity to duty! Loyalty to friendship! What a glorious galaxy of grand virtues! Against the solid granite of his invincible purpose the angry waves of public clamor dashed in vain. From his shining helmet the poisoned arrows of calumny glanced harmlessly, shivered into a thousand fragments. The helpless and friendless never appealed to him in vain, for his nature was tender as it was strong. He was never unmindful of the sweet obligations imposed by the dearest and most sacred earthly ties. He never betrayed a trust, he never deserted a friend. When the bloody hand of treason sought to thrust the dagger to the nation's heart; when, inspired and thrilled by a patriotic purpose, the loyal millions rose in their majesty and solemnly swore that the emblem of the nation's honor should forever float over a free and united people, then Illinois, speaking through the lips of her distinguished son, the dying Douglas, adjured the sons of patriot sires to perpetuate the liberties their fathers had won; then Illinois gave to the nation the intrepid, the matchless, the invincible Logan, with his Spartan fortitude, his fiery zeal, his deathless devotion to his country's flag; Logan, who, when first called to the command of a regiment, unsheathed his sword, and raising it toward heaven, registered a solemn oath never to sheath the glittering blade till the last rebel had laid down his arms, and who kept his sacred vow; Logan, who never knew defeat, whose very presence was a prescience of success, whose orders were a prophecy of certain victory; Logan, who at Belmont and Fort Henry and Donelson, at Fort Gibson and Raymond, Jackson and Champion Hill, at Resaca and Dallas and Kenesaw

Mountain, led his irresistible columns to glorious victory, and won imperishable renown. His character will shine with resplendent and increasing luster while human hearts shall beat responsive to heroic deeds; his name be honored in coming ages as one of that illustrious company who bore a conspicuous part in the mighty procession of events that culminated in the nation's renaissance, and the matchless splendor of her higher life.

* * * * *

Gallant leader! brave soldier! trusted, loved friend! We twine the bright laurels of thy victorious career with the somber cypress of our poignant grief, and bedewing thy tomb with our fast-falling tears, bid thee a final farewell.

ELDER SNIFFLE'S COURTSHIP.

WITCHER.

[NOTE.—The following has become a most popular recitation by its inimitable rendition by Mrs. S. F. Summers, Public Reader, Chicago.]

(The widow retires to a grove in the rear of Elder Sniffles' house; sits down on a log and sings in a plaintive voice.)

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed,
 All on a summer's day!
 But O, my comfort was destroyed,
 When Shadrack crossed my way!

I heerd him preach—I heerd him pray—
 I heerd him sweetly sing,
 Dear suz! how I did feel that day!
 It was a drefful thing!

Full forty dollars would I give,
 If we'd continnerd apart—
 For though he's made my sperrit live
 He's surely bust my heart!

(She sighs profoundly, and the Elder advances unexpectedly.)

"Good gracious! is that you, Elder Sniffles! how you *did* scare me! Never was so frustrated in all the days o' my life! hadn't the remotest idee o' meetin' *you* here—wouldn't a

come for forty dollars if I'd a s'posed you ever meander'd here. I never was here afore—but was settin' by my win-der and I cast my eyes over here, and as I observed the lofty trees a wavin' in the gentle blast, and heerd the feathered singsters a wobblin' their mellancolly music, I felt quite a call to come over; it's so retired and morantic—such an appropriate place to marvel round in, ye know, when a body feels low sperrited and unconsolable, as I dew to-night. O, d-e-a-r!"

"Most worthy Mrs. Bedott, your evident depression fills me with unmitigated sympathy. Your feelings (if I may be permitted to judge from the language of your song, which I overheard")—

"You didn't though, Elder! the drefful suz! what *shall* I dew! I wouldn't a had you heerd that song for no money! I wish I hadn't a come! I wish to gracious I hadn't a come!"

"I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, it was unintentional on my part, entirely unintentional, but my contiguity to yourself, and your proximity to me, were such as rendered it impossible for me to avoid hearing you—"

"Well, it can't be helped now, it's no use crying for spilt milk, but I wouldn't have you to think I know'd *you* ever come here."

"On the contrary, this grove is a favorite resort of mine; it affords a congenial retreat after the exterminating and tremendous mental labors of the day. I not unfrequently spend the declining hours of the evening here, buried in the most profound meditations. On your entrance I was occupying my customary seat beneath that umbrageous mounting ash which you perceive a few feet from you; indeed, had not your mind been much pre-occupied, you could scarcely have avoided discovering me."

"Oh, granf'ther grievous! I wish I'd staid to hum! I was born for misfortin' and nothin' else! I wish to massy I'd staid to hum to night! but I felt as if I'd like to come here once afore I leave the place." (*She weeps*).

"Ah! indeed! do you preject leaving Scrabble Hill?"

"Yes, I dew; I calklate to go next week. I must hear you preach once more—*once* more, Elder, and then I'm gwine—somewhere—I don't care where, nor I don't care what becomes o' me when I git there." (*She sobs violently.*)

"O, Mrs. Bedott, you distress me beyond limitation—permit me to inquire the cause of this uncontrollable agony?"

"O, Elder Sniffles, you're the last indiiddual that ought to ax such a question. O, I *shall* die! I shall give it up!"

"Madam, my interest in your welfare is intense; allow me to entreat you still more vehemently to unburden your mind; perhaps it is in my power to relieve you."

"Relieve me! what an idee! O, Elder, you *will* be the death o' me if you make me revulge my feelings so. An hour ago, I felt as if I'd a died afore I'd a said what I hev said now, but you've draw'd it out o' me."

"Respected madam, you have as yet promulged nothing satisfactory; permit me—"

"O, granf'ther grievous! must I come to't! Well, then, if I must, I must, so to begin at the beginnin'. When I fust heern you preach, your sarmons onsettled my faith; but after a spell I was convinced by yer 'argefyin', and gin up my 'roneus notions, and my mind got considerable carm. But how could I set Sabberday after Sabberday under the droppin's o' yer voice, and not begin to feel a mor'n ordinary interest in the speaker? I indevored not tew, but I couldn't help it; 'twas in vain to struggle against the feelin's that prepossest my buzzom. But it's all over with me now! my felicitude is at an end! my sittivation is hopeless! I shall go back to Wiggleton next week, and never truble you no more."

"Ah, Mrs. Bedott, you alarm—"

"Yes, you never'll see no more trouble with Prissilly. I'm agwine back to Wiggleton. Can't bear to go back thar, nother, on account o' the indiidduals that I come away to git rid of. There's Cappen Canoot, he's always been after me ever since my husband died, though I hain't never gin him no incurridgement—but he won't take no for an answer. I dread the critter's attentions. And 'Squire Bailey—he's wonderful rich—but that ain't no recommendation to me, and I've told him so time and agin, but I s'pose he thinks I'll come round bumby. And Deacon Crosby, he lost his partner a spell afore I come away; he was very much pleased with me; he's a wonderful fine man—make a fust rate husband. I kind o' hesitated when he promulgated his sentiments tew me, told him I'd think on't till I cum back—"

s'pose he'll be at me as soon as I git there. I hate to disappoint Deacon Crosby, he's such a fine man, and my de-zeased companion sot so much by him, but then I don't feel for him, as I dew for—. He's a Presbyterian, tew, and I don't think 'twould be right to unite my destination to hisen."

"Undoubtedly in your present state of feeling, the uncongeniality would render a union—"

"O, dear, dear, dear! I can't bear to go back there and indure their attentions, but thank fortune, they won't bother me long—I shall go into a decline, I know I shall, as well as I want to know it. My trubles 'll soon be over—undoubtedly they'll put up a monnymment to my memory—I've got the description all ready for it—it says:

"Here sleeps Prissilly P. Bedott,
Late relic of Hezekier,
How mellancolly was her lot!
How soon she did expire!

"She didn't commit self-suicide,
'Twas tribbilation killed her,
O, what a pity she hadn't a died
Afore she saw the Elder!

"And O, Elder, you'll visit my grave, won't ye, and shed tew or three tears over it? 'Twould be a consolation tew me tew think you would."

"In case I should ever have occasion to journey through that section of the country, and could consistently with my arrangements make it convenient to tarry for a short time at Wiggleton, I assure you it would afford me much pleasure to visit your grave, agreeably to your request."

"O, Elder, how onfeelin'!"

"Unfeeling! did I not understand you correctly when I understood you to request me to visit your grave?"

"Yes, but I don't see how you could be so carm, when I'm talkin' about dyin'."

"I assure you, Mrs. Bedott, I had not the slightest intention of manifesting a want of feeling in my remark. I should regard your demise as a most deplorable event, and

it would afford me no small degree of satisfaction to prevent so melancholy a catastrophe were it in my power."

"Well, I guess I'll go hum. If Sally should know you was here a talkin' with me, she'd make an awful fuss."

"Indeed I see no reason to fear that my domestic should interfere in any of my proceedings."

"O, lawful sakes! how numb you be, Elder! I didn't allude to Sal Blake—I meant Sal Hugle. She't you're ingaged tew."

"Engaged to Miss Hugle! You alarm me, Mrs. Be—

"Now don't undertake to deny it, Elder; everybody says it's a fact."

"Well, then, it only remains for me to assert that everybody is laboring under an entire and unmitigated mistake."

"You don't say so, Elder! Well, I declare, I do feel relieved. I couldn't indure the idee o' stayin' here to see that match go off. She's so onworthy—so different from what your companion had ort to be—and so lazy—and makes such awful poetry; and then she hain't worth a cent in the world. But I don't want to say a word against her; for if you ain't ingaged now, mabby you will be. O, Elder! promise me, dew promise me now 't you won't marry that critter. 'Twould be a consolation to me when I'm far away on my dyin' bed, to know—" (*She weeps with renewed energy.*) O, Elder, I'm afeard I'm a gwine to have the highsterics. I'm subjick to spasmodic affections when I'm excited and overcome."

"You alarm me, Mrs. Bedott! I will hasten to the house and bring the sal volatile which may restore you."

"For the land's sake, Elder, don't go after Sal; she can't dew nothin' for me. It'll only make talk, for she'll tell it all round the village. Jest take that ar newspaper that sticks out o' yer pocket, and fan me with it a leetle. There, I feel quite resuscitated. I'm obleeged tew ye; guess I can manage to get hum now." (*She rises.*)

"Farwell, Elder Sniffles! adoo! we part to meet no more!"

"Ah, Mrs. Bedott! do not speak in that mournful strain; you distress me beyond all mitigation—" (*he takes her hand*); "pray reseat yourself, and allow me to prolong the conversation for a short period. As I before observed, your language distresses me beyond all duration."

"Dew you actually feel distressed at the idee o' partin' with me?"

"Most indubitably, Mrs. Bedott."

"Well, then, what's the use o' partin' at all? O, what hev I said! what hev I said!"

"Ahem—ahaw, allow me to inquire—are you in easy circumstances, Mrs. Bedott?"

"Well, not intirely, yet, though I feel considerable easier'n what I did an hour ago."

"Ahem! I imagine that you do not fully apprehend my meaning. I am a clergyman, a laborer in the vineyard of the Lord—as such you will readily understand I cannot be supposed to abound in the filthy lucre of this world; my remuneration is small—hence—"

"O, Elder, how can you s'pose I'd hesitate on account o' your bein' poor? Don't think on't—it only increases my opinion of you; money ain't no objick to me."

"I naturally infer from your indifference respecting the amount of *my* worldly possessions, that you yourself have—"

"Don't be oneasy, Elder, dear—don't illude tew it again; depend on't, you're jest as dear tew me, every bit and grain, as you would be if you owned all the mines in Ingy."

"I will say no more about it."

"So I s'pose we're engaged."

"Undoubtedly."

"We'er engaged, and my tribbulation is at an end." (*Her head drops on his shoulder.*) "O, Shadrack! what will Hugelina say when she hears on't?"

DOWN THE STREAM.

ELLEN W. CAREY.

[From Scrap Collection of Jesse A. Baldwin, Esq., Chicago.]

I. BOATMATES.

A maiden stood upon a shore,
And heard a lightly dipping oar.
The morning light was flushing clear,

A thrush was loudly warbling near.
A boat came gliding down the stream,
With ripple soft, and splash and gleam.
She ne'er had seen the youth before,
He ne'er had touched upon that shore,
But when she saw him up the stream,
Fresh from the mountain's early gleam,
The old, old, wonder-working spell
Around them both like magic fell,
And ere his boat had drifted by,
A change came over wood and sky;
The old familiar stream and shore
Took on a hue unknown before.
He lightly drew his boat to land,
He lightly reached to her his hand;
And, leaving all that they had known,
The two went down the stream alone.
The boatman's face was good and strong,
The boatman's oar was tough and long.
The maiden's face was sweet and fair;
She felt no faintest fear or care.
She smiled upon her boatman true,
And said, "I trust my life to you."
The thrush sang on the bank alone;
The maiden down the stream had gone.

II. THE VOYAGE

The stream that leaped from mountain source
Grew wider in its downward course,
But still together and alone,
The maiden and the youth went on.
They heard the ripples lap and splash,
They saw the white oars gleam and flash.
The dewy flush of morn had fled,
The sun shone brightly overhead
The youth rowed bravely onward still,
But shoals and rapids taxed his skill.
The maiden's face was sweet and fair,
But on her brow were lines of care.
The flowers that bloomed in her white hand,

When first he drew his boat to land,
Were scattered now along the stream,
Withered and scorched by noonday beam.
Yet they had left all they had known,
And must go down the stream alone.
And though her heart was filled with fears,
She smiled upon him through her tears,
And said: "I trust my life to you,
Never was boatman half so true."
The river's tide went sweeping on,
The woman down the stream had gone.

III. SUNSET

The sunset falls on shore and stream,
The wave gives back its flash and gleam,
The boatman rests upon his oar,
The two float down the stream once more.
Shallow and rapid all are gone,
The rippling stream flows smoothly on,
The little hands that at their side
Had dabbled in the plashing tide,
The little lips that for awhile
Had caused the furrowed cheeks to smile,
All, all are gone, and in the boat
Together and alone they float,
The silver lies upon their hair,
But now they feel no fear nor care.
The billows' surge and tumult cease,
Their boat glides on in perfect peace.
Their eyes turn backward up the stream,
Toward the mountain's early gleam,
He sees a lovely maiden stand,
And reaches out to her his hand,
She sees a youth come down the stream,
With ripple soft, and plash and gleam.
Yet, when he views her silver hair,
He thinks that she has grown more fair.
The wrinkled hands and furrowed brow
Seem like a sweeter vision now,
And she forgets that he is old,

While his strong hands her own enföld.
She says: "I give my life to you,
Never was boatman half so true."
The river's tide sweeps gently on,
The couple down the stream have gone.

IV. DEATH.

A breeze comes blowing from the sea,
The ocean of eternity.
He says: "Our stream will soon be gone,
And shall one land and one go on?
I chose my boatmate long ago,
If you are gone, how can I row?"
She smiles upon her boatman true,
And says: "In death I trust to you.
My old companions are no more,
Why should I wait upon the shore?
In youth I gave my life to you,
Never was boatman half so true."
The stream and shore are left alone,
The boatman and his charge have gone,
Hand clasped in hand they reached the sea,
Together in eternity.

WHY IT WAS COLD IN MAY.

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

(From *Wide Awake*, May, 1877.)

The year had all the days in charge,
And promised them, that they
Should each one see the world in turn.
But ten days ran away—
Ten days that should have gone abroad
Some time in early May.
So when May came, and all was fair,
These days were sent to bed,
And ten good winter's days were sent
To see the world instead.

ABOUT A BRAKEMAN.

[Morris Waite, in Puck.]

A few days ago I was returning home and had taken my seat in a train on one of the Western roads. We were soon bowling merrily along, and as usual, I was on the lookout for the fiend. Presently he appeared. His first act struck me as unusual. He closed the door before shouting. The effect of this would be to shut out the whirring, rushing noise of the wheels rolling over the rails, and thus make his utterance more intelligible. I did not understand why a railroad brakeman should wish to do that.

After closing the door he advanced to the center of the car, stopped, cleared his throat, and in a deliberate, clear, resonant voice, whose distinct tones penetrated to every part of the car, he cried:

"Dun-kirk, Dun-kirk! Passengers-for-the-New-York-Lake Erie-and-Western-road-change-cars-Dun-kirk!"

As he commenced the sentence it was curious to observe the expressions on the faces of the passengers—surprise, wonder and incredulity; as he proceeded, these expressions deepened, and when he had reached the end and turned to leave the car, a general hum of conversation ensued, in which could be heard such comments as: "Well, I never," "Oh, what an elegant brakeman!" "Didn't he say that beautifully?" "He's a perfect jewel!" An old farmer nudged him and said: "Bub, I heard every word you said; here, have an apple!"

The brakeman took the apple.

A commercial traveler on the other side of the aisle handed him a cigar, saying: "You are the first one of the kind I ever met. There's a very fine Havana; smoke it after supper."

A middle-aged lady told him to wait a minute, and as she opened her reticule, took out a handsomely bound volume of Tennyson's poems, and said she hoped he would accept it as a gift from an admirer.

As the brakeman thanked her he moved toward the door, a portly old gentleman touched him on the arm, and said:

"What is your name, sir?"

"George Plainly," said the brakeman.

"Well, Mr. Plainly," said the old gentleman, "I am happy to know you. Bertha, this is Mr. Plainly. Mr. Plainly, my daughter, Miss Bertha Specie;" and, as the lady smiled bewitchingly upon him, the old gentleman continued: "Here is my card, sir; and if you are ever in New York, I hope you will make my house your home while you remain in the city. You will be treated as one of the family. Now, mind, sir, and do me the honor to visit us."

The brakeman passed out, and the passengers settled themselves in their seats, and talked about him. At each station the experience was repeated, and when we had finally reached our destination, all of the passengers had made themselves known to the brakeman. He had his pockets full of the choicest cigars, a dozen books and magazines, and one old granger gave him a corkscrew. We all shook his hand at parting, and wished him continued success in his noble work. Altogether, it was a strange experience, and the pleasant memory of it will linger with me always.

A WISH.

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

(From Lippincott's Magazine, September, 1876.)

When Thou, O Death, shalt wait
Without my gate—
Call not the Porter out
With knock and shout.
But still, unnoted, bide,
The gate beside,
Till Sleep, my oft-time guest,
Doth come in quest
Of me. Quick after her
Past bolt and bar,
Enter all silently.
Thenceforth for me,
The gate thou mayest keep,
That calm-browed Sleep,
So often missed before,
Pass forth no more.

SCENE FROM MARY STUART.

SCHILLER.

(The Park at Fotheringay.)

Mary. Farewell, high thought, and pride of noble mind!
I will forget my dignity, and all
My sufferings; I will fall before *her* feet,
Who hath reduced me to this wretchedness.

[She turns toward Elizabeth.

The voice of heaven decides for you, my sister.
Your happy brows are now with triumph crown'd.
I bless the Power Divine, which thus hath rais'd you.

[She kneels.

But in your turn be merciful, my sister;
Let me not lie before you thus disgraced;
Stretch forth your hand, your royal hand, to raise
Your sister from the depths of her distress.

Elizabeth (stepping back).

You are where it becomes you, Lady Stuart;
And thankfully I prize my God's protection,
Who hath not suffered me to kneel a suppliant
Thus at your feet, as you now kneel at mine.

Mary (with increasing energy of feeling).

Think on all earthly things, vicissitudes.
Oh! there are gods who punish haughty pride:
Respect them, honor them, the dreadful ones
Who thus before thy feet have humbled me!
 . . . Dishonor not
Yourself in me: profane not, nor disgrace
The royal blood of Tudor!

Eliz. (cold and severe).

What would you say to me, my Lady Stuart?
You wished to speak with me; and I, forgetting
The Queen, and all the wrongs I have sustain'd,
Fulfill the pious duty of the sister,

And grant the boon you wished for, of my presence.
Yet I, in yielding to the gen'rous feelings
Of magnanimity, expose myself
To rightful censure, that I stoop so low.
For well you know, you would have had me murder'd.

Mary. O! how shall I begin? O, how shall I
So artfully arrange my cautious words,
That they may touch, yet not offend your heart?—
I am a Queen, like you, yet you have held me
Confin'd in prison. As a suppliant
I came to you, yet you in me insulted
The pious use of hospitality;
Slighting in me the holy law of nations,
Immur'd me in a dungeon—tore from me
My friends and servants; to unseemly want
I was exposed, and hurried to the bar
Of a disgraceful, insolent tribunal.
No more of this;—in everlasting silence
Be buried all the cruelties I suffer'd!
See—I will throw the blame of all on fate,
'Twas not your fault, no more than it was mine.
An evil spirit rose from the abyss,
To kindle in our hearts the flames of hate
By which our tender youth had been divided.
[Approaching her confidentially, and in a flatter-
ing tone.

Now stand we face to face; now, sister, speak;
Name but my crime, I'll fully satisfy you,—
Alas! had you vouchsaf'd to hear me then,
When I so earnest sought to meet your eye,
It never would have come to this, nor would
Here in this mournful-place, have happen'd now
This so distressful, this so mournful meeting.

Eliz. My better stars preserv'd me. I was warn'd,
And laid not to my breast the pois'nous adder!
Accuse not fate! your own deceitful heart
It was, the wild ambition of your house.
But God is with me. The blow was aim'd
Full at my head, but yours it is which falls!

Mary. I'm in the hand of Heav'n. You never will
Exert so cruelly the power it gives you.

Eliz. Who shall prevent me? Say, did not your uncle
Set all the kings of Europe the example
How to conclude a peace with those they hate?
Force is my only surety; no alliance
Can be concluded with a race of vipers.

Mary. You have constantly regarded me
But as a stranger, and an enemy,
Had you declar'd me heir to your dominions,
As is my right, then gratitude and love
In me had fix'd, for you, a faithful friend
And kinswoman.

Eliz. Your friendship is abroad.
Name *you* my successor! The treach'rous snare!
That in my life you might seduce my people;
And, like a sly Armida, in your net
Entangle all our noble English youth;
That all might turn to the new rising sun,
And I—

Mary. O sister, rule your realm in peace.
I give up every claim to these domains—
Alas! the pinions of my soul are lam'd;
Greatness entices me no more; your point
Is gained; I am but Mary's shadow now—
My noble spirit is at last broke down
By long captivity:—you've done your worst
On me; you have destroyed me in my bloom!
Now, end your work, my sister;—speak at length
The word, which to pronounce has brought you hither;
For I will ne'er believe that you are come
To mock unfeelingly your hapless victim.
Pronounce this word;—say “Mary, you are free.
You have already felt my pow'r,—learn now
To honor too my generosity.”
Say this, and I will take my life, will take

My freedom, as a present from your hands.
One word makes all undone;—I wait for it;—
O, let it not be needlessly delay'd.
Woe to you, if you end not with this word!
For should you not, like some divinity,
Dispensing noble blessings, quit me now,
Then, sister, not for all this island's wealth,
For all the realms encircled by the deep,
Would I exchange my present lot for yours.

Eliz. And you confess, at last, that you are conquer'd:
Are all your schemes run out? No more assassins
Now on the road? Will no adventurer
Attempt again, for you, the sad achievement?
Yes, madam, it is over! You'll seduce
No mortal more. The world has other cares;—
None is ambitious of the dang'rous honor
Of being your fourth husband.

Mary (starting angrily). Sister, sister!—
Grant me forbearance, all ye pow'rs of heaven!

Eliz. (regards her long, with a look of proud contempt).
These, then, are the charms
Which no man with impunity can view,
Near which no woman dare attempt to stand?
In sooth, this honor has been cheaply gain'd.

Mary. This is too much!

Eliz. (laughing insultingly) You show us now, indeed,
Your real face; till now 'twas but the mask.

Mary (burning with rage, yet dignified and noble).
My sins were human, and the faults of youth;
Superior force misled me. I have never
Denied or sought to hide it: I despis'd
All false appearance, as became a Queen.
The worst of me is known, and I can say,

That I am better than the fame I bear.
 Woe to you, when in time to come, the world
 Shall draw the robe of honor from your deeds,
 With which thy arch-hypocrisy has veil'd
 The raging flames of lawless, secret lust.
 Virtue was not your portion from your mother;
 Well know we what it was which brought the head
 Of Anne Boleyn to the fatal block.

I've supported
 What human nature can support: farewell,
 Lamb-hearted resignation, passive patience,
 Fly to thy native heaven; burst at length
 Thy bonds, come forward from thy dreary cave,
 In all thy fury, long-suppressed rancor!
 And thou, who to the anger'd basilisk
 Impart'st the murd'rous glance, O, arm my tongue
 With poison'd darts!

(*raising her voice*). A pretender
 Profanes the English throne! The gen'rous Britons
 Are cheated by a juggler [whose whole figure
 Is false and painted, heart as well as face!]
 If right prevail'd, you now would in the dust
 Before me lie, for I'm your rightful monarch!
 [*Elizabeth hastily retires.*]

Mary. At last, at last,
 After whole years of sorrow and abasement,
 One moment of victorious revenge!

A HOPELESS SERENADE.

A youth went out to serenade
 The lady whom he loved the best,
 And passed beneath the mansion's shade,
 Where erst his charmer used to rest.

He warbled till the morning light
 Came dancing o'er the hill top's rim,
 But no fair maiden blessed his sight,
 And all seemed dark and drear to him.

With heart aglow and eyes ablaze,
He drew much nearer than before,
When to his horror and amaze,
He saw "To Let" upon the door.

A JUST TRIBUTE.

MRS. HENRIETTA R. ELIOT.

(DEDICATED, WITH THEIR PERMISSION, TO THE DONKEYS
OF NAPLES.)

[From Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.]

The people who have been abroad,
Have often much to say
Of Naples—its museum—
Vesuvius—the bay.
But the Donkey Neapolitan,
That most superior creature,
Is only noticed, if at all,
As a distinctive feature
Of Naples' street scenes. Never yet
Has honor due been paid
'To his individual greatness;
But the beast has not been made,
Who is the donkey's equal
In self-poised elevation;
Above the change of circumstance,
The fate of man or nation!
Indifferent to minor things,
He does not seem to care
Whether his head or tail is seized,
To guide him, here or there.
He'll drag a load full third too big,
Unless he stops on principle;
But if he stops—O, woful 'if'!
His courage is invincible.
Kindle a fire beneath him then,
He'll shame the youths of Sparta;

The fire may burn, but he will stand,
And die a blessed martyr.
Superior to Diogenes,
He does not even need
A tub to show his greatness off,
For he who runs, may read
The donkey's theory of life;
Sufficient to himself,
Indifferent to hurrying crowds,
Intent on power or pelf;
He meets alike the good and ill,
In all life's shifting scene,
With calmness unapproachable,
And "Front always serene."
I'm sure all true hearts will rejoice,
To see full justice done
The Naples Asinello;
And I hope that every one
Will add to this, my meed of praise,
The seal of their authority;
But if they won't, I still shall stand,
A willing "small minority."

BREAK! BREAK! BREAK!

ALFRED TENNYSON.

Break, break, break,
On thy cold gray stones, O sea!
And I would that my tongue could utter
The thoughts that arise in me.

Oh, well for the fisherman's boy,
That he shouts with his sister at play!
Oh, well for the sailor lad,
That he sings in his boat on the bay!

And the stately ships go on
To their haven under the hill;

But O, for the touch of a vanished hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still.

Break, break, break,
At the foot of thy crags, O sea !
But the tender grace of a day that is dead,
Will never come back to me.

GOD IN HISTORY.

JOHN LANAHAN.

The hand of God never tires, nor are its movements aimless. It makes all things subservient to its designs, and at every turn disappoints the calculations of man, causing the most insignificant events to expand to the mightiest consequences, while those which have the appearance of mountains, vanish into nothing. In the study of such events, we do well to remember that the hand once nailed to the tree, holds the chain which binds the past, the present, and the future. His way is in the sea, His path is in the great waters, and His footsteps are not known. But wisdom marks His plans; truth and justice attend their development, and out of seeming evil He brings triumphant good.

Says Oliver Cromwell: "What are all histories but God manifesting himself that He hath shaken down and trampled under foot whatsoever He hath not planted?" History is not a series of jumbled happenings. God is in the facts of history as truly as He is in the march of the seasons, the revolution of the planets, or the architecture of worlds.

The triumph of truth has always been in the keeping of God. The eye that slumbers not nor sleeps, the hand that fainteth not nor is wearied, has made empires its highway and prepared the world for its reception. Read the history of nations from Egypt to Rome. They rise as pictures, flame as meteors, and vanish like snow-wreaths in the sun-flash for the one purpose of preparing the way for the advent of Him who said, "I am the truth."

"The law which pervades the kingdom of nature is discerned in the history of mankind. Truth makes silent

progress like the waters that trickle behind the rocks and loosen them from the mountains on which they rest. Suddenly the hidden operation is revealed, and a single day suffices to lay bare the work of years, if not of ages." Thus, everywhere and always, God's agents—small and great—are at work, *unsettling the wrong, establishing the right*, and carrying the links of Truth's golden chain round the world. In due time the links shall be joined—link to its appropriate link—and the chain be completed.

" Thus the gazers of the nations,
And the watchers of the skies,
Looking through the coming ages,
Shall behold with joyful eyes,
On the fiery track of freedom,
Fall the mild, baptismal rain,
And the ashes of old evil
Feed the future's golden rain."

THE RAINY DAY.

H. W. LONGFELLOW.

The day is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
The vine still clings to the moldering wall,
But at every gust the dead leaves fall,
And the day is dark and dreary.

My life is cold, and dark, and dreary;
It rains, and the wind is never weary;
My thoughts still cling to the moldering past,
But the hopes of youth fall thick in the blast,
And the days are dark and dreary.

Be still, sad heart! and cease repining;
Behind the clouds is the sun still shining;
Thy fate is the common fate of all,
Into each life some rain must fall,
Some days be dark and dreary.

UN POTPOURRI D'ELOCUTION.

[As arranged and recited by Mr. Claudius Rosaire, Chicago.]

"England's sun, bright setting o'er the hills so far away,
Filled the land with mystic beauty at the close of one sad day;
And the last rays kissed the foreheads of a man and maiden
fair—

He with step so slow and weary, she with sunny, floating
hair;

He with bowed head, sad and thoughtful, she with lips so
cold and white

Struggled to keep back the murmur—"

"Put yer great-grandmother's gray, grizzly-greenish cat
into the middle of next month! I paid to come in here and
you jest come a-nigh me if you dare!" With that several
policemen come up and I had to simmer—

(*Sing*)—"Way down upon the Suwanee River,

Far, far away!

There's where my heart is turning ever,

There's where the old folks stay!

Oh, my heart is sad and weary,

Everywhere I roam;

Oh, darkies, how my heart grows dreary,

Far from the old folks at home."

"As the horror-stricken people heard the discord rising
higher, it was patent to the simplest that there was trouble
in the choir; and when the Elder went among them, with a
view to reconcile, the Soprano told her story with a sanguin-
ary smile. When the Tenor was asked why he left, he said:
"Because one night I heard the Soprano whisper to the
Bass that a man with such a moustache was a palpable
'disgrace—D-I-S-G-R-A-C-E! And then again I heard her
say that my chest tones sounded like filing saws—S-A-W-S!
—*That's* why I left your old choir!" When the Basso was
asked why he left, he said: "I sacrificed my views when I
came and joined your choir to help fill up your pews. I'm an
Episcopalian—and if people think I'll take any nonsense
from a Baptist, they've made a great mistake!" Then the

Alto and the Organist put on an injured look and murmured something about—

“O, Joshua! a mouse, shoo—wha—shoo—a great—ya, shoo—horrid mouse, and—she—ew—it ran right out of the cupboard—shoo—go way—O Lord—Joshua—shoo—kill it, oh, my—shoo !”

All that fuss, you see, about one little harmless mouse. Some women are so afraid of mice. Maria is. I'm not afraid of mice! I got the poker and set myself to poke that mouse, and my wife jumped down and ran off into another room. I found the mouse in a corner under the sink. The first time I hit it I didn't poke it any on account of getting the poker all tangled up in a lot of dishes in the sink; and I did not hit it any more because the mouse would not stay still. It ran right toward me, and I naturally jumped, as anybody would; but I'm not afraid of mice, and when the horrid thing ran up inside the leg of my pantaloons I yelled to Maria—

(*Sing.*)—“Where is my wandering boy to-night?

Go search for him where you will;

Go find him with all his sin and blight,

And tell him I love him still?

Oh, where is my boy to-night?

Oh, where is my boy to-night?

My heart o'erflows, for I love him, he knows,

Oh, where is my boy to-night?”

“THERE HE IS, the red-headed rascal! Let me git my hands into his red hair once and I'll shake his speckled face, as sure as my name is—”

“Pygmalion, an instant spare me! A moment's grace;

Let me be a breath's space longer

On this hither-land of fate too sweet,

Too sad, too mad to meet.

Whether to be

Thy statue or thy bride, an instant spare me!

Terrible the choice, as no man knoweth,

Being only man; or any saving her

Who hath been stone and loved—”

"Mr. Hankleson, my sister says she thinks you've got beautiful teeth."

"Aw, weally, Johnny! I say, Johnny, what did you hear your sister say about my teeth, hey, Johnny?"

"She said she bet the upper set didn't cost less than twenty-five dollars, and she didn't blame you for not liking maple caramels. Say, Mr. Hankleson, I like maple caramels. Got any?"

"For my heart was hot and restless,
 And my life was full of care;
 And the burden laid upon me
 Seemed greater than I could bear.
 But now it has fallen from me—
 It lies buried in the sea;
 And only the sorrows of others
 Throw a shadow over me!
 But forever and forever—
 As long as the river flows—
 As long as the heart has passions—
 As long as life has woes—"

"I am indeed beautiful. I sometimes sit and wonder, in my artless Japanese way, why it is that I am so much more attractive than any one else in the world—the whole, whole world. Can this be vanity? Oh, no; nature is lovely and rejoices in her loveliness; I am a child of nature and take after my mother!"

IS FIDELITY ETERNAL?

J. Q. STRONGFELDT.

Is there such a thing as eternal fidelity? In these latter days of enlightenment, of progressive civilization, of marvelous discovery and invention, of unparalleled advantages for higher moral and religious attainments, in this our own beloved land of boasted liberty and enlightened conscience, we see multitudes of men who for years have stood highest

among their fellows, suddenly fall before the glittering tempter, gold, and a bank is ruined, a great corporation rendered insolvent, even our country's treasures plundered. The same insidious tempter enters our state and national legislatures and wins over the most gifted and trusted; infamous laws are enacted, just measures throttled, the national domain usurped, the public funds squandered, and all this "for so much trash as may be grasped thus." Aye more, the wily tempter enters the halls of justice and as with a magic touch, judges and juries bow before the mighty conqueror, till to the mind of the most persistent optimist must arise the questions: "*Does every man have his price?*" "Whom can we trust?"

Selfishness, the hideous monster of all ages, apparently still rules the world with iron sway, and man is led to sacrifice the most devoted friends of a lifetime upon the altars of personal ambition and self-gratification. The most sacred vows of love are ruthlessly broken amid the unutterable anguish of bleeding hearts, blighted hopes, and ruined lives. The grave closes over the devoted heart that for half a century has beaten true to the one who in a few brief months will forget all that devotion in the joy of a new alliance.

What wonder that sometimes, in bitterness of soul, we exclaim that truth, friendship and love are naught but idle words?

But such is merely a surface view of life, drawn from wrong conclusions and false premises; for "murder will out" and all that is false, sordid and vile is constantly coming to the surface and being paraded before the public, while comparatively little is known of the silent sacrifices, the heroic victories over all forms of temptation, that go to make up the unwritten histories of the millions who die "unhonored and unsung."

History has recorded but few of the thousands who have spurned all forms of bribery, been scorned, tortured, and even sacrificed their lives in behalf of principle and truth.

There are to-day many a Damon and Pythias to prove that true friendships are eternal; no matter what waves of affliction sweep over, what poverty befalls or what dangers encompass the one, the other still stands more firmly by and often risks life itself in his friend's defence.

Many a loved one and lover have remained true to each other though separated by great seas, and long weary years intervened before they met; yes, the light of love but burned the more brightly with the lapse of time, till the two lives were united in one, and death itself was not sufficient to sever the immortal tie that bound them. The funeral knell never ceased to vibrate in the heart of the survivor, and each passing year served only to engrave more deeply upon the mind the memories of the departed, and one glad day beyond the wrecks of time and crash of worlds, the two will reunite in an immortal wedlock. Let us take courage; the world moves, God reigns, truth is surely triumphantly advancing; its beacon lights have multiplied all adown the ages, and the time is not far off when like one great electric sun it will envelop the earth and prove that *Fidelity is eternal!*

RICHELIEU, OR THE CONSPIRACY.

LORD BULWER LYTTON.

Act IV. Scene I.

Julie. [To *Richelieu.*] I ask thee for my home, my fate.
my all!

Where is my husband?

Rich. You are Richelieu's ward,
A soldier's bride; they who insist on truth
Must out-face fear: you ask me for your husband?
There, where the clouds of heaven look darkest o'er
The domes of the Bastile!

Julie. O, mercy, mercy!
Save him, restore him, father! Art thou not
The Cardinal King—the lord of life and death,
Art thou not Richelieu?

Rich. Yesterday I was;
To-day, a very weak old man; to-morrow,
I know not what.

Julie. [To *Joseph.*] Do you conceive his meaning?
Alas, I cannot.

Jos. The king is chafed against his servant.

Lady, while we speak,
The lacquey of the ante-room is not
More powerless than the Minister of France.

[*Enter Clermont.*]

Cler. Madame de Mauprat—
Pardon, your Eminence; even now I seek
This lady's home,—commanded by the King
To pray her presence.

Julie. [*Clinging to Rich.*] Think of my dead father,
And take me to your breast.

Rich. To those who sent you!
And say you found the virtue they would slay
Here, crouch'd upon this heart, as at an altar,
And sheltered by the wings of sacred Rome!
Be gone!

Cler. My lord, I am your friend and servant,
Misjudge me not; but never yet was Louis
So roused against you: shall I take this answer?
It were to be your foe.

Rich. All time my foe,
If I, a priest, could cast this holy sorrow
Forth from her last asylum!

Cler. He is lost! [*Exit Clermont.*]

Rich. God help thee, child!—She hears not! Look
upon her!

The storm that rends the oak, uproots the flower.
Her father loved me so! and in that age
When friends are brothers! She has been to me
Soother, nurse, plaything, daughter. Are these tears?
O, shame, shame! dotage! [*Places her in the arms of*

Jos. Tears are not for the eyes [*Joseph.*]
That rather need the lightning, which can pierce
Through barred gates and triple walls, to smite
Crime where it cowers in secret! The dispatch!
Set every spy to work; the morrow's sun
Must see that written treason in your hands,
Or rise upon your ruin.

Rich. Aye, and close
Upon my corpse; I am not made to live:
Friends, glory, France, all reft from me; my star,

Like some vain holiday mimicry of fire,
 Piercing imperial heaven, and falling down
 Rayless and blacken'd to the dust,—a thing
 For all men's feet to trample. Yea, to-morrow,
 Triumph or death!—Look up child!—Lead us, Joseph!

[*As they are going up, enter Baradas.*]

Bar. My Lord, the King cannot believe your Eminence
 So far forgets your duty and his greatness,
 As to resist his mandate. Pray you, madam,
 Obey the King; no cause for fear.

Julie. My father!

Rich. She shall not stir.

Bar. You are not of her kindred;
 An orphan—

Rich. And her country is her mother.

Bar. The country is the King.

Rich. Ay, is it so?

Then wakes the power which in the hand of iron
 Bursts forth to curb the great, and raise the low.
 Mark where she stands: around her form I draw
 The awful circle of our solemn church!
 Set but a foot within that holy ground,
 And on thy head—yea, though it wore a crown—
 I launch the curse of Rome!

Bar. I dare not brave you;
 I do but speak the orders of my King;
 The Church, your rank, power, very word, my Lord,
 Suffice you for resistance; blame yourself,
 If it should cost your power.

Rich. That's my stake. Ah!
 Dark gamester, *what is thine?* Look to it well,—
 Lose not a trick. By this same hour, to-morrow,
 Thou shalt have France, or I thy head!

Bar. [*Aside.*] He cannot
 Have the dispatch!

Jos. [*Aside to Richelieu.*] Patience is your game;
 Reflect, you have not the dispatch!

Rich. O monk!
 Leave patience to the saints, for *I* am human!

[*To Julie.*] Did not thy father die for France, poor orphan?

And now they say thou hast no father! Fie!
Art thou not pure and good? if so, thou art
A part of that—the beautiful, the sacred—
Which, in all climes, men that have hearts adore,
By the great title of their mother country.

Bar. [*Aside.*] He wanders!

Rich. So cling unto my breast;
Here where thou droop'st like France! I'm very feeble—

Of little use it seems, to either now.

Well, well, we will go home. [*They go up the stage.*]

Bar. In sooth, my lord,
You do need rest; the burdens of the State
O'ertask your health.

Rich. [*To Joseph; pauses.*] I'm patient, see!

Bar. [*Aside.*] His mind

And life are breaking fast.

Rich. [*Overhearing him.*] Irreverent ribald!

If, so, beware the falling ruins! Hark!

I tell thee, scorner of these whitening hairs,
When this snow melteth there shall come a flood!

Avaunt! my name is Richelieu,—I defy thee!

Walk blindfold on; behind thee stalks the headsman!—

Ha! ha!—how pale he is! Heaven save my country!

[*Falls back in Joseph's arms. Julie kneels at his side.*]

[*Baradas stands.*]

(*Curtain falls.*)

THE OUTLAWS.

E. J. M'PHELM.

From Scrap Collection of Miss Flora Gardner.

[*A Painter Explains His Picture.*]

Why do you ask for the story? My friend, it is hardly fair;
I call the picture "The Outlaws," and I tell the story there;
But if you insist on knowing—ah, well, you would vex a
saint—

I'll put into limping language my poem that lives in paint.

The scene is a little churchyard that lies so white and still,
It was near our Western village, on the top of the highest
hill;

And far beneath in the darkness each lighted window pane
Shines like a star in the heaven of happy homes on the
plain.

That grave you see in the foreground is only newly made,
But the first snow-fall of winter has mellowed the marks of
the spade,

And the lettering on the headstone you can only faintly trace;
It is "Sacred to the memory"—let us say—of a beautiful
face.

Two men are there at this hour, the eve of Thanksgiving
Day;

They are rough in their cowboy trappings; they have ridden
from far away;

In the shadow their horses await them, bridled and saddled
for flight,

For over the rolling prairies they must gallop again to-night.

'Tis almost the midnight hour, and what do the men seek
there?

One has flung himself down on the grave in a passion of
dumb despair,

And the other kneels with his weapon cocked—see how the
moonlight shines

On the polished barrel of the rifle through yonder cleft in
the pines.

(I flatter myself on that effect and the sullen gray of the
skies.)

Death waits in the lifted hammer, but the other rifle lies
Idle and cold by the side of the grave, and I think of the
words of the play,

That "Some must watch, while some must sleep; thus runs
the world away."

She was the happiest sleeping; it is only the dead that are
blest.

I wonder if he who mourned her, ruffled her placid rest!
The heavens blossomed in pity and a benediction shed,
The innocent petals drifting over her bridal bed.

From the early days of childhood she had been his promised
 wife;
Then came the wrong and the quick revenge, the brief and
 bloody strife,
The Vigilantes' warning, the promise before the flight—
"I shall return to claim you before Thanksgiving-Night."

And he baffled the swift pursuers, and doubled upon his
 track; [back.
While the brother that shared the danger, boldly had ridden
Though she was dead he had kept his word, and now he
 was at her side—
In the snow and the night together, the bridegroom and his
 bride.

"Hark! What was that?" The watcher hears the dead
 branches creak— [to speak.
The graveyard has been surrounded, there is only one word
"Up, and a break for freedom—up and away!" he cries;
But low on the grave the other in speechless stupor lies.

"Quick with your ready rifle!" and the mourner lifts his
 head,
White with a hopeless longing, sad as the face of the dead;
But there comes a singing bullet, with its lullaby of pain,
And the heart that it hushes to silence never is sore again.

A sudden spring to the saddle, a dash through the circling
 foes,
A crackling volley of bullets, and a single horseman goes
Swifter than winds that follow over the prairie vast,
But for one the ride is over, and for one the fever past.

They laid him at rest beside her for whom he had given life,
And sweet was the peace that followed the hot and passion-
 ate strife.

And little of memory frets them, little of earthly fame
Save what you see imprisoned here in this gilded frame.

“What of the other?” you question; what does it matter,
my friend?

Leave him his one great moment, nor follow him to the end.

“And is it a fact or fancy?” Ah, well, when our lives are
done

Only love's fragrance lingers, and fancy and fact are one.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

FATHER RYAN, POET LAUREATE OF THE SOUTH.

I'm sitting alone in my silent room,

This long December night,

Watching the fire-flame fill the gloom

With many a picture bright.

But list! there soundeth a bell,

With a mysterious ding, dong, dell!

Trembling along the gale.

Under the stars and over the snow,

Why is it? whence is it sounding so?

Is it a toll of a bridal bell?

Or is it a spirit's wail?

Solemnly, mournfully,

Sad and how lornfully!

Ding, dong, dell!

Whence is it? Who can tell?

And the marvelous notes, they sink and swell,

Sadder, and sadder, and sadder still.

How the sounds tremble, how they thrill!

Every tone

So like a moan,

As if the strange bells stranger clang

Throbbled with a terrible human pang.

Ding, dong, dell!

Dismally—drearily—
Ever so wearily,
Far off and faint as a requiem plaint,
Floats the deep-toned voice of the mystic bell.
Piercingly—thrillingly—
Icily—chillily—
Near—and more near—
Drear—and more drear—
Soundeth the wild, weird, ding, dong, dell.
Now sinking lower,
It tolleth slower,
I list and hear it sound no more.
It is a bell—yet not a bell
Whose sound may reach the ear !
It tolls a knell, yet not a knell
Which earthly sense may hear.

In every soul a bell of dole
Hangs ready to be tolled;
And from that bell a funeral knell
Is often, often rolled;
And Memory is the sexton gray
Who tolls the dreary knell;
And nights like this he loves to sway
And swing his mystic bell.

'Twas that I heard, and nothing more,
This lonely Christmas eve;
Then for the dead I'll meet no more
At Christmas let me grieve.
Night, be a priest ! put your dark stole on,
And murmur a holy prayer
Over each grave, and for every one
Lying down helpless there.

And list ! he begins
That psalm for sins.
Plaintive and soft
It rises aloft.
Miserere ! Miserere !

Still your heart and hush your breath !
The voices of Despair and Death
Are shuddering through the psalm.

Lift your heart ! the terror dies !
In it yonder sinless skies
The psalms sound sweet and calm.

Very low, in tender tones,
The music pleads, the music moans;
" I forgive and have forgiven
The dead who died unshriven ! "

The stars in far-off heaven
Have long since struck eleven;
And hark ! from temple and tower
Soundeth time's grandest midnight hour.
Blessed by the Saviour's birth.

And night putteth off its sable stole,
Symbol of sound and sign of dole,
For one with many a starry gem
To honor this babe of Bethlehem.

Gloria in excelsis !
Sound the thrilling song :
Roll the hymn along :
Let the heavens ring ;
Welcome, new-born king.
Over sea and land
Chant the anthem grand.
Let us all rejoice;
Lift up each heart and voice.
Swell the hymn on high;
Sound it to the sky.
Sing it, sinful earth;
For the Saviour's birth,

So the day is waking
In the east so far
Dawn is faintly breaking.
Sunk is every star.

Merry, merry Christmas
Scatter smiles and mirth.
Merry, merry Christmas
Hasten round the earth.

WHAT IS A MINORITY?

JOHN B. GOUGH.

What is a minority? The chosen heroes of this earth have been in a minority. There is not a social, political, or religious privilege that you enjoy to-day, that was not bought for you by the blood and tears and patient sufferings of the minority. It is the minority that have vindicated humanity in every struggle. It is a minority that have stood in the van of every moral conflict, and achieved all that is noble in the history of the world.

You will find that each generation has always been busy in gathering up the scattered ashes of the martyred heroes of the past, to deposit them in the golden urn of a nation's history. Look at Scotland, where they are erecting monuments—to whom? To the Covenanters. Ah, *they* were in a minority! Read their history, if you can, without the blood tingling to the tips of your fingers. These were the minority, that, through blood and tears and hootings and scourgings,—dyeing the waters with their blood, and staining the heather with their gore,—fought the glorious battle of religious freedom.

Minority! If a man stand up for the right, though he eat, with the right and truth, a wretched crust; if he walk with obloquy and scorn in the by-lanes and streets, while the falsehood and wrong ruffle it in silken attire, let him remember that wherever the right and truth are, there are always

“Troops of beautiful, tall angels”

gathered round him; and God Himself stands within the dim future and keeps watch over His own! If a man stands for the right and truth, though every man's finger be pointed at him, though every woman's lip be curled at him in scorn, he stands in a majority; for God and good angels are with him; and greater are they that are for him than all that be against!

NIAGARA'S SACRIFICE.

[As Recited by Miss Emma Lindberg].

(It was the custom of a certain Indian tribe to sacrifice annually a beautiful maiden to the Spirit of Niagara Falls.)

O'er swift Niagara's echoing shore,
The moon has spread her silvery ray,
And loud the impatient torrents roar,
Expectant of their coming prey;
For on this very night
The fairest Indian maid must glide
Down that swift stream so fierce and wide;
Must yield her to the eddying tide,
And quit the realms of light.
Such sacrifice by old decree
Each year hath been, each year shall be.

And to which fairest maid is given
The meed among so many fair?
Who, journeying to the red man's heaven,
Shall shun this world of toil and care?
And doth she fear to die?
Fear to embark in frail canoe,
And bid her tribe, her friends adieu,
Then pass like fleeting ghost from view
For all eternity?
Ah, no; though death itself be near,
An Indian maiden knows no fear.

Behold her calm and pensive mien,
Her lustrous eyes and dusky brow.
Hath ever maid more dauntless been
Than she who comes to perish now?
And yet—she scarce knows why—
There lurks within her inmost breast
A grief which may not be repress,
That he, the chief who loves her best,
Should thus behold her die;
Should see her borne on restless wave,
Beyond all hope, all power to save.

And now the fatal hour is nigh,
The Indian warriors line the stream,
While all around the cloudless sky
Is flooded with the bright moonbeam.
And lo! at signal given,
A damsel fair, in drifting boat,
Down the shimmering stream doth float.
They note her form, her mien they note,
And rend the echoing heaven.
Loud swells the applauding shout, while
She is gliding into eternity.

But see! propelled with greater force,
There enters on that scene of death
A second boat; they watch its course
With straining eyes and quick-drawn breath
A warrior sits within.
With vigorous arms his oars he plies,
And shoots like a meteor thro' the skies
The maiden's boat to win.
A few strong strokes, then side by side
They journey down the furious tide.
'Tis he! 'Tis he! They meet again,
Nor death itself can part them more.
Words speak they none, for words were vain.
On—on—speeds each canoe.
The Falls are near, the stream more fleet,
Their eyes for one short moment meet,
Then both are lost to view.
Yet sweet, methinks, those lovers' fate,
Whom Death has failed to separate.

SCROOGE'S REFORMATION.

CHARLES DICKENS.

[NOTE.—According to Dickens' account, Scrooge *had* been "a squeezing, grasping, covetous old sinner." "Scrooge and His Nephew," (found in No. 3 of Scrap-Book Recitations,) may be given as a separate reading, or in connection with this.]

Scrooge is finally haunted in his dreams by three spirits, and is made to see all his Past in its miserly poverty, his

Present, in its starving plenty, and his Future as it will be without reformation. The result is a complete change of heart. The visions wrought by the phantoms call forth from him this pledge :

"I will honor Christmas in my heart and try to keep it all the year. The spirits of the Past, the Present and the Future shall strive within me. I will not shut out the lessons that they teach."

Holding up his hands in prayer to have his fate reversed, he saw an alteration in the last Phantom's hood and dress. It shrunk, collapsed and dwindled into a bed-post. Yes, and the bed post was his own. The bed was his own. The room was his own. Best and happiest of all, the time before him was his own to make amends in! He was checked in the transport of his joy by the churches ringing out the lustiest peals he had ever heard. Running to the window, he opened it and put out his head. No fog, no mist, no night ; clear, bright, stirring golden day.

"What's to-day?" cried Scrooge, calling downward to a boy in Sunday clothes, who, perhaps, had loitered in to look about him. "Eh! what's to-day, my fine fellow?"

"To-day? Why, Christmas day."

"It's Christmas day! I haven't missed it. Hello, my fine fellow!"

"Hello!"

"Do you know the poulterer's in the next street but one, at the corner?"

"I should hope I did."

"An intelligent boy! a remarkable boy! Do you know whether they've sold the prize turkey that was hanging up there? Not the little prize turkey—the big one."

"What, the one as big as me?"

"What a delightful boy! It's a pleasure to talk to him! Yes, my lad."

"It's hanging there now."

"Is it? Go and buy it."

"Walker!" exclaimed the boy.

"No, no; I am in earnest. Go and buy it, and tell them to bring it here that I may give them the directions where to take it. Come back with the man, and I'll give you a

shilling. Come back with him in less than five minutes, and I'll give you half a crown."

The boy was off like a shot.

"I'll send it to Bob Cratchit's. He shan't know who sends it. It's twice the size of Tiny Tim. Joe Miller never made such a joke as sending it to Bob's will be!"

The hand with which he wrote the address was not a steady one; but write it he did, somehow, and went down stairs to open the street-door, ready for the coming of the poulterer's man. It *was* a turkey! He never could have stood upon his legs, that bird! Ha, ha, ha! No! He would have snapped 'em off short in a minute, like sticks of sealing-wax.

Scrooge dressed himself "all in his best," and at last got out into the streets. The people were by this time pouring forth, as he had seen them in his dream; and, walking with his hands behind him, Scrooge regarded every one with a delighted smile. He looked so irresistibly pleasant, that three or four good humored fellows said, "Good-morning, sir! A Merry Christmas to you!" and Scrooge often said afterward, that of all the blithe sounds he had ever heard those were the blithest in his ears.

In the afternoon he turned his steps toward his nephew's house. He passed the door a dozen times before he had courage to go up and knock. But he made a dash, and did it.

"Is your master at home, my dear?" said he to the girl. "Nice girl! very!"

"Yes, sir."

"Where is he, my love?"

"He's in the dining-room along with mistress."

"He knows me—I'll go in, my dear. Fred!"

"Why, bless my soul," cried Fred, "who's that?"

"It's I—your Uncle Scrooge. I have come to dinner. Will you let me in, Fred?"

Let him in! It's a mercy he didn't shake his arm off. He was at home in five minutes. Nothing could have been heartier. His niece looked just the same as she looked in his dream. So did Topper, when he came. So did the plump sister, when *she* came. So did every one. **when they**

came. Wonderful party! wonderful games! wonderful unanimity! wonderful happiness!

But he was early at the office next morning. O, he was early there. If he could only be there first and catch Bob Cratchit coming late! That was the thing he had set his heart upon. And he did it! The clock struck nine,—no Bob. A quarter past,—no Bob. Bob was fully eighteen minutes and a half behind his time. Scrooge sat with his door wide open that he might see him come into the bank. Bob's hat was off before he opened the door; his comforter, too. He was on his stool in a jiffy, driving away with his pen as if he was trying to overtake nine o'clock.

"Hello!" growled Scrooge in his accustomed voice, as near as he could feign it. "What do you mean by coming here at this time of day?"

"I am very sorry, sir, I am behind my time."

"You are! Yes, I think you are. Step this way, if you please."

"It's only once a year, sir. It shall not be repeated. I was making rather merry yesterday, sir."

"Now, I tell you what, my friend, I am not going to stand this sort of thing any longer; and therefore,—Ha, ha, ha! I am about to raise your salary. A Merry Christmas, Bob! A merrier Christmas, my good fellow, than I have given you for many a year. I'll raise your salary, and endeavor to assist your struggling family. We will discuss your affairs this very afternoon over a Christmas bowl of smoking bishop, Bob! Make up the fires, and buy a second coal-scuttle before you dot another i, Bob Cratchit!"

Scrooge was better than his word. He did it all, and infinitely more; and to Tiny Tim, who did *not* die, he was a second father. He became as good a friend, as good a master, and as good a man as the good old city knew, or any other good old city, town or borough, in the good old world.

DIFFIDENCE.

"I'm afther axin', Biddy, my dear"—

And here he paused awhile—

To fringe the words the merest mite,
With something of a smile —
A smile that found its image
In a face of beauteous mould,
Whose liquid eyes were peeping
From a broidery of gold.

“I’ve come to ax ye, Biddy dear,
If—” then he stopped again,
As if his heart had bubbled o’er
And overflowed his brain;
His lips were twitching nervously
O’er what they had to tell,
And timed their quivers with the eyes.
That gently rose and fell.

“I’ve come—” and then he shook her hands,
And held them in his own—
“To ax—” and then he watched the buds
That on her cheeks had blown.
“Me purty dear—” and then he heard
The throbbing of her heart,
That told him love had entered in
And claimed its every part.

“Och! don’t be tazin’ me,” said she,
With just the faintest sigh,
“I’ve sinse enough to see you’ve come,
But what’s the rayson why?”
“To ax—” and once again the tongue
Forbade its sweets to tell—
“To ax—if Mrs. Mulligan
Has any pigs to sell?”

TROUBLE IN THE CHOIR.

A. T. WORDEN.

There was something so unusual in the singing of the choir
That the elder looked up mildly from the tenth of Jeremiah,

And with readjusted eyeglass looked along the foremost row,
While a hundred necks were twisted in a stare from all below.

As before the rolling thunder comes a distant, wailing moan,
There was presage of disturbance in the very organ's tone,
Just the popping of the pickets, ere the battle's awful din,
Or the tuning of the fiddles, ere the orchestra begin.

An unprejudiced observer might have seen with half an eye
There was waiting an explosion that would blow them all
sky high;
Or spontaneous combustion, to accept a modern name,
That was waiting just a motion to burst forth into flame.

The soprano sat in grandeur, with her book before her face,
With her back-comb turned in anger on the alto and the bass;
While the tenor stood beside her with an elevated nose,
And the organist pawed madly at the pedals with her toes.

How could any one but angels sing when they were feeling so?
Though the hymn was "Song of Gladness," they would make it "Sounds of Woe,"
When we sing about devotion, some devotion we must feel,
Or our plaintive tones of worship will partake somewhat of squeal.

But the alto sung her solo, and then left it to the bass,
Who was gnawing at his moustache, and was looking for the place;
While the organist, in anger, sung the leading part alone,
And the tenor tried to follow, but it ended in a groan.

As the horror-stricken people heard the discord rising higher,
It was patent to the simplest there was trouble in the choir,
And the organist, in fury, closed the organ with a crash,
And the alto sobbed in anguish, and the choir had gone to smash.

When the elder went among them, with a view to reconcile,
The soprano told her story with a sanguinary smile;
It appeared the wretched chorister had introduced a girl
With a brand-new style of singing, and a most distracting
curl.

But, to cap the bitter climax, this usurper wore a hat,
Just a duck, a gem, a beauty, and it made the rest look flat;
And the straw that broke the camel's back and made the
wreck complete—
She came early Sunday morning, and usurped the leading
seat.

When the elder asked the tenor why he left, he said, "Because
The soprano said his chest tones sounded just like filing
saws;
And he overheard the alto, one night, whisper to the bass,
That a man with such a moustache was a palpable disgrace."

And the bass informed the elder that he sacrificed his views
When he came and joined the elder's choir, to help fill up
his pews;
He was an Episcopalian, and if the people thought he'd take
Any nonsense from a Baptist, they had made a great mistake.

Then the organist and alto both put on an injured look,
Saying something in an undertone about a change of book;
And the elder overheard them, as he gently closed the door,
Use the word, "A poor old fogey," and "A sentimental bore."

And he scratched his poor old noddle, as he ambled down
the street,
With his spectacles on forehead, and his slippers on his feet;
And I really think the elder had a hope of pouring oil
On the troubled sea of music, to allay the sad turmoil.

In the meantime service opens with old "China" or "Bethune,"
And the deacon with his tune-fork gives the people all the
tune;
And the organ gathers cobwebs, and the people gather grace,
While they roar out "Coronation" to the deacon's hoarsest
bass.

THE MAIDEN MARTYR.

(The following is a true incident which occurred in the history of the Scotch Covenanters.)

A troop of soldiers waited at the door,
A crowd of people gathered in the street,
Aloof a little from them bared sabres gleamed,
And flashed into their faces. Then the door
Was opened, and two women meekly stepped
Into the sunshine of the sweet May-noon,
Out of the prison. One was weak and old,
A woman full of tears, and full of woes,
The other was a maiden in her morn,
And they were one in name, and one in faith,
Mother and daughter in the bond of Christ,
That bound them closer than the ties of blood.

The troop moved on; and down the sunny street
The people followed, ever falling back
As in their faces flashed the naked blades.
But in the midst the women simply went
As if they two were walking, side by side,
Up to God's house on some still Sabbath morn.
Only they were not clad for Sabbath day,
But as they went about their daily tasks;
They went to prison and they went to death,
Upon their Master's service.

On the shore
The troopers halted; all the shining sands
Lay bare and glistening; for the tide had
Drawn back to its farthest margin's weedy mark,
And each succeeding wave, with flash and curve,
That seemed to mock the sabres on the shore,
Drew nearer by a hand-breadth. "It will be
A long day's work," murmured those murderous men
As they slacked rein. The leader of the troops
Dismounted, and the people passing near
Then heard the pardon proffered, with the oath
Renouncing and abjuring part with all
The persecuted, covenanted folk.

But both refused the oath: "Because," they said,
"Unless with Christ's dear servants we have part,
We have no part with him."

On this they took
The elder Margaret, and led her out
Over the sliding sands, the weedy sludge,
The pebbly shoals, far out, and fastened her
Unto the farthest stake, already reached
By every rising wave, and left her there;
And as the waves crept about her feet, she prayed
"That He would firm uphold her in their midst,
Who holds them in the hollow of His hand."

The tide flowed in. And up and down the shore
There paced the Provost and the Laird of Lag--
Grim Grierson—with Windram and with Graham;
And the rude soldiers, jesting with coarse oath,
As in the midst the maiden meekly stood,
Waiting her doom delayed, said "she would
Turn before the tide—seek refuge in their arms
From the chill waves." But ever to her lips
There came the wondrous words of life and peace:
"If God be for us, who can be against?"
"Who shall divide us from the love of Christ?"
"Nor height, nor depth, nor any other creature."

From the crowd
A woman's voice cried a very bitter cry—
"O Margaret! My bonnie, bonnie Margaret!
Gie in, gie in, my bairnie, dinna ye drown,
Gie in, and tak' the oath."

The tide flowed in;
And so wore on the sunny afternoon;
And every fire went out upon the hearth,
And not a meal was tasted in the town that day.
And still the tide was flowing in;
Her mother's voice yet sounding in her ear,
They turned young Margaret's face toward the sea,
Where something white was floating—something
White as the seamew that sits upon the wave;

But as she looked it sank; then showed again;
Then disappeared; and round the shore
And stake the tide stood ankle deep.

Then Grierson
With cursing vowed that he would wait
No more, and to the stake the soldier led her
Down, and tied her hands, and round her
Slender waist too roughly cast the rope, for
Windram came and eased while he whispered
In her ear, "Come, take the test, and ye are free."
And one cried, "Margaret, say but God save
The King!" "God save the King of His great grace,"
She answered, but the oath she would not take.

And still the tide flowed in,
And drove the people back, and silenced them.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her knees,
She sang the psalm, "To Thee I lift my soul;"
The tide flowed in, and rising to her waist,
"To Thee, my God, I lift my soul," she sang.
The tide flowed in, and rising to her throat,
She sang no more, but lifted up her face,
And there was glory over all the sky—
And there was glory over all the sea—
A flood of glory,—and the lifted face
Swam in it till it bowed beneath the flood,
And Scotland's Maiden Martyr went to God.

ON THE OTHER TRAIN.

"There, Simmons, you blockhead! why didn't you put that old woman aboard her train? She'll have to wait here now until 1.05."

"You didn't tell me."

"Yes I did tell you, too. 'Twas only your carelessness."

"She—"

"She! what else could you expect of her? Probably she hasn't any wit. Her children have turned her off, got her

a pass up to the poorhouse. I'll tell her she'll have to wait, and don't you forget her to-night."

"You've missed your train, ma'am."

"Never mind."

"'Tis only three o'clock now; you'll have to wait until the night train."

"Very well, sir, I can wait. One place is as good as another to me."

"Well, they'll tell you when it's time."

All the afternoon she sat there, so quiet it seemed as if she must be asleep; but every little while a great tear rolled down her cheek, which she would wipe hastily away. The station was crowded, and all was bustle and hurry until the 9.50 train going East. Then every passenger left, except the old lady. It is very rare indeed that any one takes the night express, and almost always after ten o'clock the station becomes silent and empty. It was a cold night, and the wind howled dismally. The lamps grew dim and flared, casting weird shadows on the wall. By and by there was a smothered sob from the corner. The old lady had risen from her seat, and oh, the look of agony on the poor, pinched face! "I can't believe it," she sobbed, "I can't believe it. Oh, children, children, how often have I held you in my arms and kissed you; and now, oh God! you've turned against me. You've sent me to the poorhouse. No! no! no! I cannot go there. O God, spare me this, and take me home."

The wind rose higher, and swept through the crevices, icy cold. It moaned, and shrieked, and sobbed; but the crouching figure in the corner never stirred. The thin shawl had dropped from her shoulders unheeded. One by one the lamps went out, and it grew very dark. At twelve o'clock some one entered, bearing a bright light that seemed to fill the room with its radiance. He bent tenderly above the form of the old woman, touched her lightly, and said: "It is train-time, ma'am, come!"

A look of joy came over the wrinkled face, and she answered, "I'm ready."

"Then give me your pass, ma'am."

She reached him a worn old Bible, and he took it, and

read aloud: "Come unto me all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest." The light died away, and darkness fell again. As the night train dashed in at 1.05, the sleeping night-watchman woke and rushed to the woman's side, and tried to rouse her, but she was cold and lifeless. She had gone out upon a train that never stops at the poorhouse.

A SIGN-BOARD.

I will paint you a sign, rum-seller,
And hang it over your door;
A truer and better sign-board,
Than ever you had before.
I will paint with the skill of a master,
And many shall pause to see
This wonderful piece of painting,
So like the reality.

I will paint yourself, rum-seller,
As you wait for that fair young boy,
Just in the morning of manhood,
A mother's pride and joy.
He has no thought of stopping,
But you greet him with a smile,
And you seem so blithe and friendly,
That he pauses to chat awhile.

I will paint you again, rumseller,
I will paint you as you stand,
With a foaming glass of liquor,
Extended in your hand.
He wavers, but you urge him—
Drink, pledge me just this one!
And he takes the glass and drains it,
And the hellish work is done.

And next I will paint a drunkard,
Only a year has flown,
But into that loathsome creature,
The fair young boy has grown.

The work was sure and rapid,
I will paint him as he lies,
In a torpid, drunken slumber,
Under the wintry skies.

I will paint the form of the mother,
As she kneels at her darling's side,
Her beautiful boy that was dearer
Than all the world beside.
I will paint the shape of a coffin,
Labeled with one word—"Lost!"
I will paint all this, rum-seller,
And will paint it free of cost.

The sin and the shame and the sorrow,
The crime and the want and the woe,
That is born there in your work-shop,
No hand can paint, you know.
But I'll paint you a sign, rumseller,
And many shall pause to view,
This wonderful swinging sign-board,
So terribly, fearfully true.

MYSTERIOUS RAPPINGS

B. P. SHILLABER.

(Mrs. Partington.)

Late one evening I was sitting, gloomy shadows round me
flitting,—

Mrs. Partington, a-knitting, occupied the grate before;
Suddenly I heard a patter, a slight and very trifling matter.
As if it were a thieving rat or mouse within my closet door;
A thieving and mischievous rat or mouse within my closet
door,—

Only this, and nothing more.

Then all my dreaminess forsook me; rising up I straightway
shook me,
A light from off the table took, and swift the rat's destruc-
tion swore,

Mrs. P. smiled approbation on my prompt determination,
And without more hesitation oped I wide the closet door;
Boldly, without hesitation, opened wide the closet door;
Darkness there, and nothing more!

As upon the sound I pondered, what the deuce it was I
wondered;
Could it be my ear had blundered, as at times it had before?
But scarce again was I reseated, ere I heard the sound re-
peated,
The same dull patter that had greeted me from out the
closet door;
Heard the patter that had greeted me from out the closet
door;
A gentle patter, nothing more.

Then my rage arose unbounced—"What," cried I, "is this
confounded
Noise with which my ear is wounded—noise I've never heard
before?
If 'tis presage dread of evil, if 'tis made by ghost or devil,
I call on ye to be more civil—"stop that knocking at the
door!"
Stop that strange, mysterious knocking, there within my
closet door;
Grant me this, if nothing more."

Once again I seized the candle, rudely grasped the latchet's
handle,
Savage as a Goth or Vandal, that kicked up rumpuses of
yore—
'What the dickens is the matter," said I, "to produce this
patter?"
To Mrs. P., and looked straight at her. "I don't know,"
said she, "I'm shore;
Lest it be a pesky rat, or something, I don't know, I'm
shore."
This she said, and nothing more.

Still the noise kept on unceasing; evidently 'twas increasing;
Like a cart-wheel wanting greasing, wore it on my nerves
full sore;

Patter, patter, patter, patter! the rain the while made noisy
clatter,

My teeth with boding ill did chatter, as when I'm troubled
by a bore—

Some prosing, dull and dismal fellow, coming in but just to
bore,—

Only this, and nothing more.

All night long it kept on tapping, vain I laid myself for
napping,

Calling sleep my sense to wrap in darkness till the night
was o'er;

A dismal candle, dimly burning, watched me as I lay there
turning,

In desperation, wildly yearning that sleep would visit me
once more;

Sleep, refreshing sleep, did I most urgently implore;

This I wished, and nothing more.

With the day I rose next morning, and, all idle terror scorning,
Went to finding out the warning that annoyed me so before;
When straightway, to my consternation, daylight made the
revelation

Of a scene of devastation that annoyed me very sore,

Such a scene of devastation as annoyed me very sore.

This it was, and nothing more:

The rotten roof had taken leaking, and the rain, a passage
seeking,

Through the murky darkness sneaking, found my hat-box
on the floor:

There, exposed to dire disaster, lay my brand-new Sunday
castor,

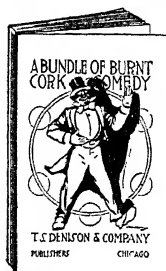
And its hapless, luckless master ne'er shall see its beauties
more—

Ne'er shall see its glossy beauty, that his glory was before;

It is gone, forevermore!

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